McAllister & Beaver

THE BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

ESTABLISHED IN 1869. "Let us see to it, that a Government of the People, for the People, and by the People, shall not perish from the Earth."—A. LINCOLN. TERMS: $2.00 PER ANNUM.

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BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

EDWARD T. TUTEN, EDITOR.

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Political Notes.

—The main disclosure made by Mr. Chandler's dispatches is that he got wind of that $8,000 check even before it was started for Oregon. Such a man is a terrible obstacle to "reform."

—The most furious war journal in Indiana has been sold out by the sheriff. Possibly the editor was one of those sanguine reformers who was so sure Tilden would be elected and would make him postmaster that he spent half of his prospective salary in advance.

—Watterson's interest in Tilden's inauguration is accounted for on principle. The latter is reported as holding a heavy mortgage on the *Courier-Journal* building, and the knight of sherry and campaign glory is fearful that collection will be pressed unless his master, Usufruct, gets the great office.

—If 100,000 "unarmed" conspirators march into Washington for the purpose of bull-dozing the Senate, it is safe to say that some of them will be "unlegged" before they leave. Stay home, gentlemen. What Watterson's tongue cannot do, your unarmed or armed legions cannot accomplish.

—The New Hampshire Democrats seem anxious to keep old war issues in front, as well as to start a new war. They have renominated their defeated candidate of last year, whose secession sentiments were his worst drawback in the former canvass. He was defeated by a larger majority than any Republican candidate for governor had received in the State for several years.

—The struggle for the Kansas Senatorial succession is very animated; but, thank Heaven, the Confederate Democracy have no abiding place on the free prairies of John Brown's state. Whoever of the candidates may happen to be elected, he will give no uncertain sound on the vital questions of progress, public schools, human freedom, and all the other priceless boons that are now again threatened by the revived Democracy of 1860.

—There does not appear to be much suspicion in Kansas that ex-Senator Pomeroy will return to the United States Senate. He is not talked of as a candidate, and is alluded to only as a warning for the men who hope to win the coming contest by the use of money. Senator Harvey feels that he will be returned, and ex-Gov. Osborne insists that he has pledged to him all the votes necessary to elect him. Several other candidates are equally confident.

—Gen. John A. Dix, in a letter to Congressman Kasson, adds the weight of his name to those already recorded in favor of the exclusive power of the President of the Senate to count the electoral votes, and against any further legislative encroachment upon popular rights. Gen. Dix makes the striking suggestion that, while the Constitution forbids a Senator or Representative from acting as an elector, Democrats now propose that the House of Representatives shall overrule the action of the electoral colleges themselves.

—The "conspirators" have recovered from their fright, apparently. Only a day or two ago the Tilden journals represented them as shaking so violently that their heads were held on with difficulty, yet now the same authorities tell us: "As the great conspiracy nears the hour of its completion the guilty wretches engaged in this daring crime against the rights and liberties of a free people become bolder and more defiant in their insolence." What the "insolence" consists in is not stated, but the unwarrantable pertinacious search for an $8,000 check would probably come under that title.

—The Wattersonian plan for a grand move on Washington on Feb. 14 will depend for its success, evidently, upon the State of Kentucky alone. No where else is there the least sign of approval. Even the Democratic journals which yearn for blood think the war should not be started before March 4. The Cincinnati *Enquirer* says: "If the Republican conspiracy to force Hayes into the Presidency is carried out, it will be in order, perhaps, to move on Washington about the 4th of March. Certainly not before that date." There is great virtue in that "perhaps."

The Army in the Way.

Watterson's one hundred thousand bull-dozers, who are to march upon the Capital of the nation on the 13th of February, have found a friend in the Hon. Mr. Caulfield, of Illinois. On the 15th of January this gentleman introduced a bill into the House, making it "unlawful for more than one regiment or batallion of infantry of not more than five hundred men, one company of infantry, and one battery of artillery not exceeding six guns, to be stationed or kept for any purpose whatsoever, during the session of Congress, within the limits of the District of Columbia."

The House refused to suspend the rules for the passage of this bill, and therefore it was laid aside for the time being. The vote in its favor stood 99; against it, 97, with but one or two exceptions, the vote being strictly partisan.

In view of the announcement made by Watterson, that one hundred thousand "unarmed Democrats" would visit Washington on the 13th of February, this bill is very significant. It looks as if the leaders in the conspiracy wanted to have a clear field to operate in between the 14th of February and the 4th of March.

No peaceful citizen objects to the presence of troops. Their presence at a point of possible danger is as welcome as the presence of the police on the eve of a riot. There is no disguising the fact that there are thousands of intemperate Democrats who would resort to violence to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Hayes. The only way to keep them in check is to be ready to meet them, and give them what they richly deserve.

The nation wants peace, prosperity and the reign of justice. It will not tolerate war or anything calculated to bring it about, and woe be to the man or the men who attempt to inaugurate it. The people are law-abiding, and on the question of sustaining the legally elected President there is no division among the substantial men of both parties, and the faction that should attempt to stir up a civil war in behalf of a defeated candidate, whether his name was Hayes or Tilden, would be ground to atoms under the heel of an indignant people.

The presence of the United States troops at the capital is in the interest of no candidate or party. They are there to preserve peace, and enforce obedience to the law, if any violence is attempted. To leave the capital defenseless in the face of the threats which have been uttered, would be an act of inexcusable folly. It would be to invite bloodshed and offer a premium on conspiracy. If there is no trouble, the troops can do no harm. If there should be trouble, they may check in a day what might otherwise grow to a revolution, and end only with the destruction of the nation itself. There is too much at stake to run any risk, and any good citizen will applaud the precautionary measures adopted by President Grant to secure the public peace, by having close at hand a power to compel its maintenance in case bad men attempt to break it.

—If Hayes is elected, why submit the decision of the uncertainty of "drawing lots?" If he is elected let the declaration be made according to the Constitution. If he is not let Tilden be inaugurated. The Republican masses of the country believe that Hayes has not only been fairly elected by the votes which have been declared for him, but that he has been defrauded out of the electoral votes of a number of States now counted for Tilden. That they will receive with approbation a proposition for settlement similar to the trick by which the gambler wins is scarce to be expected. The supposed proposition of the Senate amounts to this and nothing more.

STOP IT!—We notice the boys of our town, ranging from six to fifteen years, still persist in jumping on and off moving sleds and sleighs, and we would again admonish them to desist from this dangerous habit. It may be fun at the time, but you run a great risk in being thrown under heavy sleds and having bones broken, and perhaps run over and trampled to death by passing horses. Stop the habit!

Senatorial Suggestions.

It has been published far and wide that a distinguished Republican statesman has been expressing the opinion that it will be for the best interest of the Republican party to have Tilden inaugurated, because during the four years of his administration the people will become so disgusted with Democracy that they will have no more of it forever. We do not credit any Republican Senator with holding such nonsense, much less with having given utterance to it. Mrs. O'Flaherty, who wanted her boys to catch the itch when young, so that during the rest of their lives they might be induced to be careful of the infection, was a much better philosopher than the statesman in question, if such a one there be. The old idea of letting the devil in for the purpose of kicking him out instead of keeping him out altogether, has not yet been accepted as evidence of very great wisdom on the part of the select body of individuals who hold it, by the rest of mankind; and if we have a Senator who really has manifested wisdom in this form, his constituents will no doubt be very thankful that his name is carefully suppressed.

The Washington correspondent of the *Tribune* informs the public that he has talked with a Democratic Senator, and "singularly enough" the Democrat holds precisely the same opinion concerning the effect of the inauguration of Hayes upon the Democratic party—that it would be beneficial. So both parties regard the triumph of their opponents as a very desirable thing to be achieved. The correspondent does not say that the Republican Senator voted for Tilden, or the Democratic Senator for Hayes—probably their great illumination did not dawn upon their illustrious minds until after the election day had gone by, and hence they were saved the mortification of advocating before the people the preposterous position that a cause is more likely to prosper in the hands of its enemies than in the hands of its friends.

It is not to be disguised that in the course of history the injudicious conduct of Satan has at times seemed to advance the cause of righteousness. That is one thing; but it is quite another thing to work and pray for a period of Satanic rule in order to hurry up the millennium. There have been instances in history where infants have been suckled to advantage by wolves, but it is not yet fully established that it is the safest way for the perpetuation of the human race to intrust the care of the rising generation to that mode of physical culture and sustenance.

The case of the Democratic Senator differs from the Republican in a very important respect, which must be noticed before proceeding further. He sees the advent of Tilden would bring down upon the administration a horde of office-seekers of unparalleled greediness, composed largely of the dangerous classes of society, who have fought in the late campaign solely for booty, and whose claims cannot be denied or resisted. If they are not given the offices they have been promised, they will go back on the party, for most of them are not in a condition to wait longer, and it is a case of "now or never," and denial is death to the party. The applicants will be millions; the places hundreds, so that denials must come, and disappointment must be the rule. On the other hand, those who will get places will be largely unfit, as was the case when the offices of the House were filled by the hungry crew which came swooping in on the opening of the present Congress and alighted on the fat lands and rich gardens of the southerly wing of the national capitol, so much to the national disgust and mortification.

That a Democratic Congressman fully realizes the danger of his party in this direction is not to be expected, but no one who saw the make-up of the body of aspirants who infested Washington last year and who had to submit to the levy of personal contribution to a fund for the purpose of ridding the city of the presence of no inconsiderable a portion of these excessively hopeful patriots, will ever after fail to include them as an element in the chances of successful administration of a highly dangerous character and fearful proportions.

In view, moreover, of the capacity conspicuously lacking in the present House to manage affairs and meet the public expectation, a Democratic Senator might well say that the election of Hayes would avert most of the damage which the party would have to shoulder if Tilden comes in and endeavors to carry on the Government with assistants and coadjutors so wanting in common sense and so addicted to the error of confounding makeshifts with statesmanship. And beyond all this the Democratic Senator must be aware that generally speaking the present Democratic House is composed largely of its best brain and moral composition. Its most experienced and ablest men are in the van. Cox, Wood, Randall, Knott, Hurd, Tucker and Reagan, to say nothing of Springer, Harrison and Tarbox, are the *elite* of the Democratic aristocracy, and if there should be a falling back from them, the very next starta in the geological formation is composed of that other set of whom John Morrissey is leader and representative, and Cronin and Grover are disciples and dupes.

Against this contemplated catastrophe, of falling back on the reserves, the Senator feels there is no protection whatever, save the supposed common sense and power of management of Tilden himself; and since the tracing of that $8,000 check from far off Oregon to the rooms of the Liberty street Bureau, the sagacity of Uncle Sammy has in public estimation descended to very near the level of his moral honesty; which appears to be on the same plane as that of the slippery thimble-riggers of the northern coast of the Pacific.

It will thus be readily seen that the Democrat is not without just reasons for thinking that the welfare and good name of his party depends upon its being kept at a safe distance from the responsibilities of power and the temptations of place. So long as its wisdom is merely hypothetical, and the fools are not all dead, it will not be utterly without reputation or numbers. As a home for the uneasy, and a refuge for the disgruntled and disappointed politician, and as the prospective haven for the hermaphrodite class who glory in the exceedingly ambiguous title of Independent, the Democratic party out of power has an important use, and the desire to have it kept where it now is should be commended and encouraged by all true patriots and citizens.

The Republican Senator is governed in opinion by considerations of precisely the opposite nature. He clings to an old delusion that "the devil given a certain quantity of rope will hang himself," and benevolently proposes to dispose of the Democratic party by this ancient method, forgetting that the theory always breaks down at the point where the supply of rope gives out; and it always gives out. The theory presupposes that the nature of the Democratic party is not known, and that to comprehend and appreciate it, four years of Tilden are necessary. The assumption is gratuitous. It is not necessary—we beg the Senator's pardon—to go clean to the bottom of a cesspool to ascertain that its contents are foul. Haven't we had four years of Pierce, four of Buchanan, rebellion, war, assassination, ku-klux, and all sorts of damnable things as the result of Democratic rule? The spoils system, which is so alarming to the civil-service reformers, to Trumbull and the New York *Nation*, and the Adamses and Samuel Bowles, was a pure Democratic invention. Repudiation has never been advocated outside of the Democratic ranks. Nobody but Democrats are in favor of paying rebel war claims. The Democratic party alone is opposed to registration and proper safeguards against fraud in elections. The shotgun policy is of pure Democratic origin, so is intimidation, so is the Oregon method of stealing votes; and must we have Tilden on top of all these things to prove Democracy an undesirable thing?

It is to be hoped that no Republican Senator has got bewildered by any nonsense of this kind. If a Democrat can see in the election and administration of Hayes that his party will be saved from the commission of tremendous malpractices, and restrained from making deadly assaults upon the Constitution and liberty, and the cause of order and good government, it is difficult to think that a Republican can be blind to the possible glories which the administration of Hayes will inaugurate, and the maternal benefits it must secure to the people at large. The advent of the Republican party to power was the dawn of a new era, and was so recognized by the friends of slavery, and the advocates of disunion. From both these evils it saved the country, and endeavored to establish on a permanent basis, union, freedom, and equal rights. A little of Tilden is not essential by way of contrast. Memories of Buchanan and recollections of Jeff Davis are still too fresh to require any other illustrations of the spirit of evil. The country is surfeited already with that kind of ailment. The Constitution is strong, but it may not bear everything. The proposition of experimenting four years with rehabilitated Democracy is staggering in the extreme, and we hope the Republican Senator will not further distinguish himself by urging his peculiar opinion upon the attention of his fellowmen. The Democrat may continue.

Special Correspondence.

Woman Suffrage Convention—Some Retrospective Glances at the Cause and its Pioneers—Congressional Plan for Adjusting the Presidential Dispute—Democratic Interrogation of Members of the Republican National Committee—Washington and Society Items.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 19, '77.

The ninth annual session of the Woman Suffrage Convention in this city closed last evening, after an ordinarily successful and harmonious interchange of views and ventilation of grievances of two days' duration. Of all the original champions of the cause, who espoused it in its infancy—when the whole church condemned it, when the press essayed its annihilation by the sheer weight of ridicule and derision, and when the people almost uniformly turned from it with feelings of real or affected reprobation—only three, Anthony, Stanton, and Gage, were present. Many, very many, of the names associated with the movement in its earlier days, are almost forgotten, the persons thereby designated having for years rested in their graves, indifferent perhaps—rejoiced, it may be—at the measure of vindication that has been accorded them and their cause in these latter days, and of the reluctantly spoken words of admiration and justification extorted from a gain-saying world, by these three, who have wrought through storm and sunshine to such purpose that they can relinquish the trust to other hands with the feeling that its complete success is certain at no distant day. Perhaps no problem of all those which have forced themselves into the arena of public discussion for settlement, during our century of national life, contemplating a radical social revolution as it does, has progressed more steadily and certainly towards actual consummation than that of "woman's rights," with the one exception of human slavery; and whatever our views relative to the matter may be, one cannot withhold a feeling of admiration for the qualities that have upheld and urged forward those three pioneers, never shrinking before the overwhelming storm of derision and reproach which everywhere attended them during the early days of the unequal struggle. Others fainted and fell by the way side, with their faces set like flints toward the goal, never wavering though beaten with many stripes and covered with the poisonous wounds of the adversary.

Nothing of special importance occurred to distinguish the meeting from those that have preceded it. As is their wont, a committee will probably wait upon the members of the Judiciary Committee of both houses, and propound legal conundrums pertinent to their demand, and which the legal gentlemen of those committees have heretofore found very troublesome to satisfactorily answer. They have many friends in Congress, having made one or more in the House or Senate at almost every session held here. There are others "halting between two opinions," only waiting to give their adhesion when public sentiment shall have become a little more pronounced. Dr. Mary Walker—always irrepressible and never neglecting an opportunity to create a sensation—succeeded in demonstrating either her own unpopularity, that of the "Reformer," or both, when she referred to "Samuel J. Tilden, our next President," and elicited a few cheers and many hisses in response. Mrs. Lockwood, who has a fair amount of law practice before the courts of this district, made herself especially obnoxious to the "wah" Democracy in offering resolutions, calling for the appointment of five women as a committee to count the electoral vote, and a hundred thousand women to wrestle with and take care or otherwise dispose of the one hundred thousand Democrats with which the gory General Watterson contemplated invading this city and bull-dozing Republican members of Congress at the time of counting and declaring the electoral vote. That plan of mobocracy for deciding a great national issue has, however, been abandoned, I believe, because of the opposition of respectable Democrats. But it is evident that Mr. Watterson and his abettors don't feel quite pacified and have indicated their willingness to compromise on Baltimore as the place of rendezvous for his terrible legions. Of course the plan of adjusting the Presidential dispute, which is said to have been agreed to by a majority of the joint committee, attracts universal attention, now that we are relieved in a measure from our distractions over the all-important Bennett-May business, by one of the principals running away and the other hiding from the minions of the law.

The plan is of too recent adoption to state with any degree of certainty the support it is likely to receive, either in Congress or from the public. It is likely that many members of Congress, mindful of their home popularity, will desire to ascertain the feelings of the constituencies behind them, and govern themselves accordingly. It contemplates a compromise, which many hold ought not to be entertained in connection with the very highest privilege of American citizenship. Still it is difficult to see how a settlement could be reached that would not involve some of the elements of compromise short of a new election. The moral sentiments of others are shocked—it being alleged that the proposed plan carries with it a suggestion of the dice box. It is safe to predict that it will meet with strenuous opposition in both houses and by members of both parties.

It is with feelings of deepest chagrin and disappointment that Democrats refer to their experience with Messrs. Chandler, Secretary of the Interior, Chandler of New Hampshire, and McCormic, who, it was hoped, would collectively contribute enough to neutralize the stains with which the Oregon tricks have blackened the whole cause of "reform." But they revealed nothing that was not in accord with the strictest requirement of law or morals; and the Oregon infamy stands out in all its hideousness, unrelieved by a single act of the Republican managers to detract from its insinuations of fraud and corrupt bargains.

Serious apprehensions of a freshet are entertained from the melting of the snow on the upper waters of the Potomac, re-inforced by the heavy rains that have fallen within the past three weeks, the ice extending from shore to shore sixty miles below this city.

Society languidly looks forward to the advent of Lent, which will give it a pretext for retiring from a campaign that has been dull and spiritless, and with hardly a sensation to break the monotony of every day life.

Soup houses have been established at various points in the city, but not one-half of the starving applicants have yet been relieved.

The warm weather and comparative comfort of spring weather were never more devoutly wished for than now.

MAXWELL.

—It is argued in behalf of the lottery plan before Congress for settling the Presidential question, that the judges chosen to sit as legal advisers on the commission, will, for the credit of the bench, seek to divest themselves of all partisan feeling. Why, then, are these judges chosen solely with reference to their partisan preferences?

—The Democrats are turning [illegible] egon usurpation and fraud [illegible] possible ways to make them [illegible] law and justice, out the ugly things keep their old look, and all the pai[illegible] gilding that can be put upon the[illegible] not disguise their true character.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN

BY EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Poetry.

The Hole in the Floor.

BY LIZZIE CLARK HARDING,

In the primitive days of our grandfathers' time,
When the fire place, genial and bright,
Its cavernous recesses glowing with flame,
Filled the old-fashioned kitchen with light,
They used often to gather at close of the day
Round the hearth stone, that altar of yore.
But men of this modern and glorified age
Collect round—a hole in the floor.

The grandfather sat in the chimney nook,
In an old-fashioned split bottomed chair,
And solemnly read from the blessed old Book,
Then knelt with the household in prayer;
Their altar, the time honored hearth stone, with gleams
Of the fire light flickering o'er.
We moderns all worship 'neath fresco and gas,
Our altar—a hole in the floor.

When from the old hearth stone the children went forth
To join in the soul-thrilling strife,
And win themselves laurels, or valiantly brave
The buffeting surges of life;
Then with world wearied hearts yearning sadly for rest,
They would seek the old hearth stone once more;
But we, when aweary with toil and oppressed,
Return to—the hole in the floor.

When the tumult of war overshadowed our land
And our forefathers rushed to the fray,
To repel the invaders that threatened their homes,
Leaving mothers and daughters to pray—
The thoughts of their hearth stones gave strength to their arms
And thrilled their brave hearts to the core,
But our heroes, when called on their homes to defend,
Must fight for—a hole in the floor.

Then let us rejoice that we live in an age
When, instead of the hearth stone's bright glow,
Or the cavernous fire place cheery with flames,
We have "modern improvements," you know.
And when we converse of those primitive times,
And the jolly old customs of yore,
We will laugh as we think of their old fashioned ways,
As we sit round—the hole in the floor.

—*Scribner for January.*

Solitude of the Soul.

Thought is deeper than all speech,
Feeling deeper than all thought;
Souls to souls can never teach
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils;
Man by man was never seen;
All our deep communing fails
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known;
Mind with mind did never meet;
We are columns left alone
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,
Far apart, though seeming near,
In our light we scattered lie;
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company
But a babbling summer stream?
What our wise philosophy
But the glancing of a dream?

Only when the Sun of Love
Melts the scattered stars of thought,
Only when we live above
What the dim-eyed world has taught,

Only when our souls are fed
By the Fount which gave them birth,
And by inspiration led
Which they never drew from earth.

We, like parted drops of rain,
Swelling till they meet and run,
Shall be all absorbed again,
Melting, flowing into one.

—*From the "Dial," by "C."*

Spiritual Aspiration.

BY FRANCES HARRIET M'DOUGALL.

Could I dip my pen in rose-light,
Fresh from fountains of the sun,
I would paint the upward soaring,
That is ever just begun;
Ages cannot waste its morning;
Cycles but announce its dawning.

Track the never-ending spiral;
Forward; upward; on, forever;
From the great law of its being,
Nothing can the spirit sever—
Moving in progressive stages,
Through the silent lapse of ages,

Though it bear a wounded pinion
As it gazes on the stars,
And with every upward impulse
Throbs against its prison bars;
Struggling captive, weep no longer!
Even this shall make the stronger.

Stretch out, O, thou human spirit!
O'er the waves of Sense and Time,
And with Angels claim thine heirship
To a destiny sublime.
Ages cannot waste thy morning;
Cycles but announce its dawning.

Our Story Teller.

"I Came to Ask—"

Two pretty, old-fashioned cottages standing near each other on a secluded, tree-shaded country road, separated by a little meadow, which from the birth of spring to the death of autumn, rejoiced in waving green grasses and white daisies and yellow dandelions, and after that wore a robe woven of snow flakes as fair and pure as when they fell from the skies, until old winter, to whom the robe belonged, hearing the returning birds ask for the violets, gathered it about him and vanished again.

In one of them, the larger, in front of which was a neatly kept lawn, and at the back, a small hot-house and miniature vegetable garden, lived Miles Guernsey and his man Mike, the one an old bachelor, the other, as he described himself, "a widdy man, thanks be to the Lord that sint *her* her rest."

In the other—Rose Cottage they called it, for in rose time it was completely surrounded by roses; they filled the space in front and clambered over the porch and up the sides of the house—had lived a quiet elderly couple for many years, until about a month before my story (if it may be dignified by that title) begins, when they went to heaven on the very same day, as they had often prayed to, loving old souls, and left Rose cottage waiting for new tenants.

"Just as I had got comfortably settled," grumbled Miles Guernsey, "to be all upset again! Other old men and women live till they're a hundred. Why couldn't these have done so, instead of dying at the early age of eighty? And there's no knowing who will take the cottage. Somebody with cats, dogs, and babies, I've no doubt—three kinds of animals I detest."

"Thrue fur ye, boss," said Mike with an ominous shake of the head.

There was something else Mr. Guernsey insisted he detested, and that was an old maid. "A man," he used to say, "don't need smiles and kisses and pet names and children hanging around him to keep him sweet, but a woman does. Of course some of the poor things can't help their forlorn state; the men don't propose, or they do and run away, or their parents cut up rough, or they have invalid relations to take care of. I am very sorry for them; they have my heartiest sympathy; but, all the same, I don't like 'em."

And so when Mike came one lovely June morning to tell his master the cottage was rented, adding with a sly grin, "An' shure it's an owld maid, an' her mother," Mr. Guernsey said something of which he ought to have been ashamed, and which, for that reason, I shan't set down, and then went on, sarcastically, "And now we'll have all sorts of 'sweet, cunning pets,' I suppose; but if any of them come near my premises"—furiously—"I'll poison 'em, drown 'em, wring their necks. Do you hear, Mike?"

"Faith, I do," said Mike, grimly.

"I've lived here ten years," resumed the master, "in peace and quiet, driven here by an old maid in the first place, and it will be hard indeed if I'm driven away by another. With a piano or guitar, no doubt?"

"Aither that last or a fiddle, sur," said Mike. "I saw the gurril a carryin' it in yisterday in its own nate little coffin."

"She'll play and sing from morning till night, out of time and tune, and I shall be obliged to close all of the doors and suffocate."

"Anyhow," suggested Mike, "there can't be no babies."

"Thank Heaven for that!" said Mr. Guernsey, fervently; "though I don't know but what the guitar's worse. You can scare young children by making faces at 'em. When do they move in, Mike?"

"To-morrow, sur," said Mike. "Och, but it's dreadful!"

"We'll go a fishing, Mike. Be ready to-morrow morning at day break, and we'll stay away a week. I never could bear the noise women make when they are putting a house to rights, as they call it; and if I can't stand it after we come back, why I'll pull up stakes and go for good, that's all."

"Yis, sur," said Mike.

When Miles Guernsey and his man returned from the fishing excursion, Miss Osborne and Miss Osborne's mother, and Miss Osborne's maid of all work were installed in Rose Cottage, and sure enough the first sounds that greeted the ears of the fishermen were the pleasant tinkling of the guitar, and an equally pleasant voice singing an old-fashioned love song—not out of tune, however, but decidedly in tune.

And the very next day a small dog, after sniffling curiously around on the outside for a while, squeezed himself nearly flat, and crawling under the front gate, frisked gayly over the lawn, and from thence up to the porch, where sat the lawn's owner, reading the newspaper.

The intruder was a bright-eyed little terrier, slightly lame in one of his legs, and he proceeded to caper about the old bachelor as though in him he recognized an early but long-lost friend.

"Mike!" shouted Mr. Guernsey.

"Sur!" shouted Mike, running out with a potato in one hand and a knife in the other.

"Remove this dog."

"Remove it is, sur," said Mike, dropping both knife and potato.

But "this dog" clearly objected to being removed. He skipped nimbly around, barking all the time in a "what larks!" manner; darted under the garden chairs; got entangled in a woodbine that was climbing to the roof of the porch, and tore it down; seized the knife Mike had dropped, and made off with it; and the "widdy man," making after him, slipped on the treacherous potato and came down with a whack.

"This thing must be stopped at once!" exclaimed Mr. Guernsey, setting his broad-brimmed hat firmly upon his head, and grasping his cane. Out of his own gate he marched in the most dignified style, along the path, through the rose-crowded garden, to the door of Rose Cottage. "I want to see your mistress," he said to the black-eyed maid-servant who answered his ring.

"Which?" asked the girl.

"What?" retorted Mr. Guernsey.

"Oh! I thought p'raps you didn't know the old lady's laid up with rheumatiz—got cold moving. Will Miss Osborne do?"

"Anybody," said Miles, walking into the parlor, as she threw open the door. Evidently Miss Osborne was extremely fond of roses. The white muslin curtains were looped back with sprays of half-opened ones; a vase filled with them stood on the centre table; on the hearth lay shells from which they peeped, and a vine that ran up the window outside had been coaxed through a broken pane, and hung, heavy with sweet, white buds, over the picture of a handsome young man in the dress of a clergyman. The guitar leaned against the arm of a cozy old-fashioned crimson sofa; a hanging shelf of books occupied one corner of the room; a mirror whose tarnished frame was almost hidden by a pretty ornament of autumn leaves, hung in the other. "Humph! she's got some taste," said the old bachelor to himself, and began, without knowing why, to wish he were at home—in fact, was meditating an inglorious retreat when the old maid entered the room.

Tall, graceful, with chestnut brown hair parted simply over a frank, unwrinkled brow, and gathered into a silken net at the back of her head; honest, gray-blue eyes, that looked full at you; arched eye-brows, two shades darker than the hair; small, straight nose; cheeks a little faded, but still throwing out pink roses on occasion; lovely mouth with the faintest suspicion of a shadow at the corners, which was instantly lost in a sunshiny smile.

"Our neighbor, Mr. Guernsey, I believe?" she said in a remarkably pleasant voice.

"Yes," replied Mr. Guernsey, blushing violently (the idea of it! an old bachelor, forty-five his last birth-day, blushing because an old maid spoke to him!), and having uttered this monosyllable, he dropped his hat, and put his cane through the crown of it as he stooped to pick it up again. The hat in his hand once more, he went on: "I have called to see if you—that is, your mother—I mean both of you, of course—in fact," with a sudden inspiration, "I came to ask if you would like some trout; just out of the water yesterday."

"Oh! thank you; you're very kind," said Miss Osborne, a little surprise in her voice, and a puzzled expression in her eyes; and at that moment Mike's rough tones broke in from outside:

"I've got him, boss, an' the divil's own time I've had to ketch him. Bedad, he's the liveliest lame dog that I iver met in me loife, an' he's pult down the other vine, an'—"

"Good-day," hurriedly said "the boss," flying before the old maid's questioning looks, and spinning off the stoop with such impetus as to almost knock down his faithful retainer. "Shut up, you idiot!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "Drop that dog, and go home and fasten the vines up again."

"Howly Moses!" ejaculated Mike, as he disappeared in a hurry; "is it mad he is?"

"Oh dear!" exclaimed the old maid, raising her pretty hands and eyebrows as she caught sight of the "fine little fellow's" dirty paws and drooping tail, "he's been in some mischief; I'm sure he has; I saw your man. What has he been doing, Mr. Guernsey? In the kindness of your heart you're screening him; I know you are. Oh, Waif! Waif! if you weren't lame, I'd whip you. I picked him up in the street one day, Mr. Guernsey"—the pink roses were in full bloom now—"where some wicked boys had left him after breaking his leg, and took him home and nursed him well again, and the poor thing became so attached to me I could not bear to leave him behind me when we left the city."

"Of course not," said Mr. Guernsey, adding rather irrelevantly, "I don't wonder at it. Good morning." And so the acquaintance began.

"What a fool I've been!" said Miles, as once more on his own porch he picked up his newspaper again; "but bless me, who'd want to hurt a lame dog?"

A week passed away, during which Mr. Guernsey only caught occasional glances of his fair neighbor, as she came out into the garden among the roses, with a plain straw hat shading her face, and tied with a bit of blue ribbon under her chin. "I always liked blue ribbon," sighed the old bachelor. "*She* used to wear it." "She" was the young girl he had loved some twenty years ago, and from whom he had been separated by the machinations of *his* father and *her* old maiden aunt.

All was calm and serene, when one morning Mike burst into the library, where his master sat, and gasped out, "Thim lamb chops, sur, the dilicate, tinder wuns I mint for yer dinner, they're gone, and no liss—or may I niver shake another word—than fourteen kittens in the wood-shed, an' all on account uv Miss Osbornes cat, the thafe uv the worrild."

"This certainly must be stopped at once," said Mr. Guernsey. "Give me my hat, Mike;" and away he went, growing angrier and angrier at every step. His lamb chops! and no more to be had until to-morrow—good gracious! And fourteen kittens—gracious goodness! to say nothing of the canary in a fit, perhaps its power of song scared away forever.

He actually banged the gate of the garden of roses; but his anger which was up to "butter melts" at least, fell to "zero" when he entered the pretty parlor. There sat the old maid, in a low rocking chair, idly swaying to and fro, dressed in a loose flowing white wrapper, without a ruffle or a puff, with a golden-haired daisy in her hair, another at her throat, and by her side stood the lean, lank cat with a squalling kitten hanging from its mouth. "Poor Mary Ann!" she was saying; "but where, oh, where are the others—" when she raised her kind eyes and met the not at all irate gaze of the old bachelor. "Glad to see you again, Mr. Guernsey," she said, in her frank voice, rising and holding out her hand. "Mother is much better, thank you," in answer to some indistinct query on the subject. "Run away with your kittie"—to the cat. "Not a very handsome cat, is she, Mr. Guernsey? Poor thing! she came to our door one cruel cold night last winter, half starved, and with the tips of her poor ears frozen off. I took her in, warmed her, and she would not go away. To tell the truth, I didn't try very hard to make her; and I couldn't bear to desert her, when we came here, any more than I could Waif. He and she, odd as it may seem, are very fond of each other. But one bad habit, I'm sorry to say, I can't break her of, or haven't as yet—a result of her early vagabond life in the streets; she steals." Then suddenly noticing a queer expression on the face of her listener, she continued eagerly, "I hope she hasn't been annoying you in any way?"

Straight into those child-like eyes did Miles Guernsey look, and say, deliberately, "Oh no, not at all. I came to ask if you—that is—" (growing a little incoherent), "your mother—of course I mean both of you—would like a fresh cucumber or two and some green peas," (with a flush of pride) "I'm ahead of all the neighbors." He meant the peas were.

"A thousand thanks," said Miss Osborne.

"Just nine hundred and ninety-nine too many," said Miles, actually smiling at her. "Good day." And when he reappeared in the study, he had a daisy in his button hole.

Mike came out of the dining-room, where he had been soothing the canary with a crisp of lettuce leaf. "Well, Sur?" said he.

"Hang the bird's cage where the cat can't get it, lock up the chops after this, and drown thirteen of the kittens," quietly said Mr. Guernsey.

"Mad, is it?" Mike soliloquized. "He's madder nor fifty hatters."

"Good heavens! what man in his sober senses," Miles Guernsey asked himself, "would hurt a frozen-eared cat?"

Summer passed away, carrying with her the fragrant roses and thousands of other beautiful flowers; autumn, in richly tinted rustling garment, gathered the gold and brown and crimson leaves to her bosom, and bade the earth farewell; winter came, and flung down snow-flakes upon and hung glittering icicles from the roofs of the cottages and the naked branches of the trees—and the neighbors had only met a dozen times. But in that dozen times Mr. Guernsey had managed to learn (principally from the old lady, a delicate, sweet-faced woman, from whom the daughter had inherited her pleasant eyes) that the picture of the handsome young man in the parlor was the portrait of Rosa's lover, who had died fifteen years before in a foreign land, where he had gone for his health. "Rosa was well nigh heart-broken at first," said the old lady; "but time has softened her grief, and now she can speak of him as calmly as she can of the darling little sister who died when she was a child."

From the same source he learned that Rosa's father had been a speculator, unlucky in all his speculations, and that when his last great disappointment, breaking his heart, he departed this life, there was very little left for his wife and children. "Robert, my oldest son," said the old lady, "helps us all he can; but lately he has married a sweet girl, who has patiently waited for him five long years, and now Rosa and I will have to live more economically than ever, if that be possible. But, dear me, how I do run on, and how Rosa would scold me if she knew it! but you are so kind and sympathetic, Mr. Guernsey, that, short as our acquaintance has been, I almost regard you as one of the family. Rosa, my dear, I should like Mr. Guernsey to hear that new song your brother sent you last week."

"And would Mr. Guernsey like to hear it?" Rosa asked.

"How can you ask me?" says the old bachelor, "I am always pleased to hear you sing." By which remark you will perceive he had become entirely reconciled to the guitar.

It was the evening of Christmas day. Miles Guernsey sat alone in his parlor, thought on his brow and a pipe in his mouth, when Mike entered with a dainty, rose-perfumed three-cornered note.

"From the owld maid, sur," said he.

"Miss Osborne, you mean," said his master, sternly. "Don't call her an old maid again."

"Would Mr. Guernsey,"—so the note ran—"give Mrs. and Miss Osborne the pleasure of his company this Christmas evening? Brother Robert and his wife have come down from the city, and there would be a little music, a little supper, and whist."

"Wait, and I'll write an answer," said Mr. Guernsey. And while Mike waited he began to talk again. "Shure ye heard the news, sur? the village is full uf it. They say she oughtn't 'a done it; that it's incouraging wickedness, an'—"

"Who the dickens are you talking about?" asked his master, turning impatiently around, pen in hand.

"The owld—I mane Miss Osborne, sur," answered Mike.

"And pray, what shouldn't she have done?"

"Taken Bessie West's baby, sur."

"Taken Bessie West's baby? Go on this moment, Mike, or I'll brain you with the poker."

"Well, you see, sur," Mike thus admonished, went on glibly enough, "ye know that unfortunate story about Bessie West, the purty sewin' gurril?"

"Yes, yes—heaven knows I do. Not a woman's tongue within ten miles, except one, but has wagged about it."

"Well, sur, last night she died, an' she sint for the owld—I mane Miss Osborne. For she was frighted uv the other women, they'd been so hard to her—bad 'cess to 'em!—an' half uv 'em wid childhern uv their own, an' not knowin' what they're comin' to; an' the owld—I mane Miss Osborne, wint—"

"Of course she did," interrupted his master. "Go on."

"An' she prayed wid the poor thing, an' they so say she's a-goin' to 'dopt it, an' they'll never shpake to her agin."

"Which would be a very great pity!" said the old bachelor, with emphasis, and rather a diabolical grin.

"Yis, sur. An' now I suppose we'll be afther movin' shure, for it only naded the baby to make it complete; owld—I mane Miss Osborne, cats, dogs and babies."

"Get me my great coat," was the only answer he received. "I'll answer the note personally." And the great coat on, away started Miles Guernsey for Rose Cottage once more.

"Bedad," said Mike, with an intoxicated wink, "it's mesilf that knew he wouldn't shtand the baby."

Miss Osborne's parlor was that night, if possible, brighter and cheerier than it was on the summer day the old bachelor first entered it. Instead of roses, Christmas greens, dotted with brilliant red berries, looped back the curtains, enwreathed the pictures, and dropped from vases and shells, and right over the tall wax candle burning on the centre table hung a branch of mistletoe (sent with kindly greetings and a real English plum-pudding from some kinsfolk across the sea), its waxen berries like clouded pearls among its slender green leaves. Miss Osborne had evidently not expected her guest so soon, for she sat before the glowing grate fire, with Bessie West's baby on her knees, its small, pink toes held out toward the welcome warmth, and itself cooing and gurgling after the fashion peculiar to extreme youth.

How lovely she looked, with a spray of holly in her hair, a tender light in her eyes, and the loose sleeves of her dark silk falling back from her shapely white arms, as she held the child with a motherly grace and softly sang a dreamy nursery rhyme! Miles Guernsey thought of a beautiful Madonna he had seen in Rome, as he looked earnestly at her, a moment before she became aware of his presence. (The black-eyed maid servant going out in a hurry as he reached the door, he had entered unheard.) At last she started up, the roses in her cheeks sweeter and pinker than ever. "A merry Christmas!" she cried. "How good of you to come so early! I'll go and call brother Robert."

"I don't want to see your brother," said the old bachelor—"at least not yet. I came to ask—"

"I was sure you would," said Miss Osborne, breaking out into a laugh like a young girl's. "I told mother so this morning. I know what you came to ask."

"Are you quite certain you do?" said the old bachelor, an odd smile spreading over his face, until it danced in his handsome dark eyes.

"Quite certain," said the old maid, seriously. "But we really don't need your help, Mr. Guernsey; for, although we are far from rich, we have enough to share with this dear little one, sent to me, it seems—don't think me foolish—as a precious Christmas gift on the blessed Christmas day—the day Mary clasped her beautiful boy to her heart in the stable at Bethlehem. See, isn't she pretty? And so plump! Take her in your arms. I am sure you, who are so kind to cats and dogs, must almost love this motherless little girl." And she laid the child in the arms of the man who had never held a baby before, and who looked down upon it with something very like tears glittering in his eyes.

"Yes, it is pretty, and plump, and everything you say, Rosa—pardon me, Miss Osborne; but please take it back. I'm afraid of it. It's making fearful mouths at me, and I'm sure it's going to scream," said the old bachelor, after holding the baby exactly two minutes, the tears, if they were tears, gone, and the smile back again. "Do take it, I beg, or I shall drop it."

The old maid held out her arms. He placed the child in them.

"And now you must go to bed, baby," she said, turning away; and then turning back to say, with another merry laugh, "You'd scarcely believe it, Mr. Guernsey, but Waif is jealous, and so is puss and her daughter."

And there they were—Waif on one side of her and the cat and her kitten on the other; all the objects of his detestation grouped together in one terrible tableau!

"One moment, Miss Osborne, before you go," he stammered. "I have come to ask—"

"Ask anything I can grant," said Miss Osborne, "and I will grant it, for you have been a kind neighbor—I hope I may say friend—and this Merry Christmas—"

"You are to be my wife," interrupted Miles Guernsey, a wonderful look of love lighting up his face.

The baby would have been dropped then if he hadn't caught it. But he did catch it, and the old maid too, in his strong, tender arms.

I won't tell you what she said, but I will say that nowhere on earth was there a merrier Christmas party than at that Rose Cottage that Christmas night; and I will say, further, that the following summer a Mrs. Miles Guernsey helped to superintend the culture of the early cucumbers and peas in Miles Guernsey's miniature vegetable garden, and that a number of rose bushes found their way across the daisy-spangled meadow and over the fence of the border of the neatly kept lawn, and on that same neatly kept lawn a wee baby girl tumbled about unreproved, with Waif as a constant companion and Mary Ann, the cat, as an occasional visitor. And I will still further say that the next Christmas there was a grandma in the house, and a grandson with his mother's light brown hair and his father's dark eyes, and the most abject slave to both little ones was Mike, the "widdy man."

Miscellaneous.

Mark Twain on New England Weather.

At the 71st annual dinner of the New England Society at Delmonico's, New York, last week, Mark Twain responded to a toast, which will be enjoyed by every reader of the WATCHMAN:

The next toast was:
"The Oldest Inhabitant—The Weather of New England."

Who can lose it and forget it?
Who can have it and regret it?
"Be interposer 'twixt us Twain.
—[Merchant of Venice.

To this Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) replied as follows:

I reverently believe that the Maker who made us all makes everything in New England but the weather. I don't know who makes that, but I think it must be raw apprentices in the weather clerk's factory who experiment and learn how, in New England, for board and clothes, and then are promoted to make weather for countries who require a good article, and will take their custom elsewhere if they don't get it. [Laughter.] There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. [Laughter.] The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs, and trying them on the people to see how they will go. [Laughter.] But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted 136 different kinds of weather inside of four and twenty hours. [Laughter.] It was I that made the fame and fortune of that man that had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial that so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel all over the world and get specimens from all the climes. I said: "Don't you do it; you come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety and quantity. [Laughter.] Well, he came and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, why, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he never heard of before. And as to quantity, well, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare; weather to hire out; weather to invest; weather to give to the poor. [Laughter and applause.] The people of New England are by nature patient and forbearing, but there are some things which they will not stand. Every year they kill a lot of poets for writing about "Beautiful Spring." [Laughter.] These are generally casual visitors, who bring their notions of spring from somewhere else, and cannot, of course know how the natives feel about spring. And so the first thing they know the opportunity to inquire how they feel has permanently gone by. [Laughter.] Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy, and thoroughly well deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what to-day's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. He doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. He can't any more tell than he can tell how many Presidents of the United States there's going to be next year. [Applause.] Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something about like this: Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward, and points between, high and low barometer swapping around from place to place, probable areas of rain, snow, hail and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning. [Loud laughter and applause.] Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the programme may be wholly changed in the meantime." [Loud laughter.] Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is only one thing certain about it: You are certain there is going to be plenty of weather—a perfect

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grand review; but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you get drowned. (Applause.) You make up you mind that the earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you get struck by lightning. (Laughter.) These are great disappointments. But they can't be helped. (Laughter.) The lightning there is peculiar; it is so convincing, when it strikes a thing it doesn't leave enough of that thing behind for you to tell whether—well, you would think it was something valuable and a Congressman had been there. (Loud laughter and applause. And the thunder. When the thunder commences to merely tune up and scrape and saw, and key up the instruments for the performance, strangers say, "Why, what awful thunder you have here." But when the baton is raised and the real concert begins, you'll find the stranger down in the cellar with his head in the as-bharrel.) Laughter.) Now as to the size of the weather in New England—lengthways, I mean. It is utterly disproportioned to the size of that little country. (Laughter.) Half the time, when it is packed as full as it can stick, you will see the New England weather sticking out beyond the edges and projecting around hundreds and hundreds of miles over the neighboring States. She can't hold a tenth part of her weather. You can see cracks all about where she has strained herself trying to do it. It could speak volumes about the inhuman perversity of the New England weather, but I will give but a single specimen. I like to hear rain on a tin roof. So I cover my roof with tin with an eye to that luxury. Well, sir, do you think it ever rained on that tin? No, sir, skips it every time. (Laughter.) Mind, in this speech I have been trying merely to do honor to the New England weather—no language could do it justice. But, after all, there is at least one or two things about the weather, (or if you please, effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm—when a leafless tree is clothed with ice from the bottom to the top—ice that is as bright and clear as crystal; every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dew-drops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white, like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches and the sun comes out and turns all these myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow, and hum and flash with all manner of colored fires, which change and change again with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold—the tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very exposition of dazzling jewels; and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words two strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last, I say, "There, I forgive you now—the books are square between us. You don't owe me a cent. Go and sin no more. Your little faults and foibles count for nothing. You are the most enchanting weather in the world!" (Applause and laughter.)

A Cripple Factory.

Some months ago Prof. Ember of the Medical College at Prayne applied to the Austrian chief of police at Vienna for assistance in ferreting out and bringing to justice the most monstrous society of criminals that ever existed. The required support was extended him, and the patient work of an experienced detective, added to that of the professor himself, eventually achieved the desired end. A month ago a body of police made a descent upon the headquarters of the criminals and their trial is at present pending in the Imperial Courts.

The story which the facts elicited by this trial tell us is worthy of a place in Dante's "Inferno." The wildest dream of a distempered nightmare never painted a picture so fraught with horror.

On the first day of the trial a howling mob endeavored to tear the malefactors into piecemeal, and it was only found possible to continue the investigation by garrisoning the court room with soldiers and calling out two regiments of horse to protect the criminals on their way from the court to their prison.

The tavern of the "Golden Omelette" is situated close under the fortification walls of the city of Radna. Its proprietor, Trouilleson, is a man of gigantic stature, an old soldier of the Austrian army, who was blinded by the explosion of a cannon while firing a salute from the forts of Trieste.

Returning to his native city with his mistress, a fine looking woman of the Volga, he started the house of call for beggars which he, up to a few weeks ago, directed and made money out of. The house is a long, low, rambling structure, a nondescript of brick, stone and wood, and when descended on by the police, served as a shelter for nearly two hundred men, women and children, all of whom, with perhaps a dozen were professional beggars. Upon the arrest of its host, he was discovered to be worth in money deposited in the Imperial Bank, over $100,000, an enormous fortune for the country in which he lived. How this money was obtained is the crowning horror of the entire affair.

Antoine Cherguille, nicknamed "The Player," is the brother of Trouilleson's mistress. Among the frequenters of the "Golden Omelette" he is called the "Operateur." He is a man of over fifty, and for the last thirty years of his life has been engaged in the manufacture of cripples. From the evidence given at the trial, which is likely to send him to the guillotine, his method of procedure was as follows:

The members of a gang of kidnappers, organized by his sister and her sightless paramour, have for the last twenty years been engaged in stealing children from the various cities of the Empire. These unfortunate little ones were brought to the headquarters of Radna, where they were passed into the merciless hands of the "Operateur."

He took charge of them in a separate section of the inn, where, assisted by a couple of surgeons, whose vices had reduced them to his own level, and by his own knowledge of anatomy—for he had studied the art himself in his youth—he evolved the terribly crippled spectres who had so long pestered the pilgrims of St. Nepomuck. At the time of his arrest these children, in various stages of convalescence from mutilation, were found on the filthy cots of this demoniac hospital.

One of them, a pretty girl of five, had her right hand amputated. The other two, both boys, had lost their feet and hands respectively. In a pit under the floor, in one corner of the torture chamber, were found the putrefying remnants of a dozen human members, buried in a compost of chloride of lime and quick lime. Cherguille manifested no emotion upon his arrest, but utterly refused to render any information, and has been obstinately silent since.

At the time the arrest was made the business of the infamous den was in full blast. In the long common room a hundred miserable wrecks of humanity, armless, legless, handless, footless, blind and awfully disfigured, congregated about long tables. The smoke of their pipes veiled the scene, the reek of their foul meal tainted the air, and the clattering of their crutches, the curses, shrieks and loud conversation all about deafened the ordinary ear. Upon the entrance of the detectives they merely looked up, and noting the artfully disguised figures, took them for some strange beggars, and continued their orgie without honoring them with any further attention. The house had been surrounded by a double cordon of police, and at an appointed signal the descent was made. The result was that all the frequenters of the place were seized, with one exception. This, singularly enough, was a man without legs, who managed to conceal himself in the cellar, and eventually made his escape.

The prisoners were at once loaded into a special train and conveyed to Vienna. There the promise of pardon induced a number of them to a series of confessions.

The art of crippling children was, it seems, not the only one practiced by the "Operateur." More than one poor innocent had been wilfully blinded by the atrocious torturer, and at the trial three such victims of his infamous business were produced. The money gained by these children was divided between Cherguille and his sister and her paramour.

——Gen. James Shields, the new Adjutant-General of Missouri, was shot through the body with a grape shot at the battle of Cerro Cordo, during the Mexican war and a large silk handkerchief was drawn through his body to clean the wound. He afterward served a term as United States Senator from Illinois, and then as a Major-General during the civil war in the Union army.

SHE—Now, Charles dear, do be sincere and tell the truth for once in your life; don't you love baby just a little bit? He—Well, Mary, I can't say exactly that I love the little brat, but I've a sort of sneaking respect for him for his father's sake.

——Prince Napoleon's latest *mot* on the present situation in France: "We live at present under the rule of hungry. In the vicious circle, which time and again we must traverse till we attain the usual end, the ministry is a sort of station where we stop for refreshments—that is all. People stop there just as long as there is something to eat, no longer.

——It may be counted as one of the curious things of life, that people who need presents most get the least, and those who need them least get the most.

The effort to get up grand and effective Democratic demonstrations throughout the country on the eighth inst., to pass resolutions demanding the counting in of Tilden, appears to have been a general failure. There were meetings, of course, held at nearly every principal point; but the number of people at each gathering was small, and, what is of more importance, the enthusiasm was excessively tame. The fact is that the patience of the people was worn out by the presidential canvass, and they cannot, after escaping the excitement, heat and worry of that contest, be again stirred into activity. Beyond the office hunters there is no one in the Democratic party who cares to stir up further strife. Every Democrat, of course, will tell you he believes that Tilden was elected; but that is a mere sentiment; and the Democratic masses have no idea of battering out their brains against a stone wall for a mere fancy.—[Pittsburgh Commercial.

A young man was teaching a district school when one day the following conversation took place:

Teacher (to little girl whom he sees weeping violently)—"Why, Fannie, what is the matter?"

Fannie—"Je—Je—Johny's trying t—t—to kiss—"

Teacher (interrupting)—"Johny, were you trying to kiss Fannie?"

Johny—"No, sir."

Teacher—"But she says that you were."

Fannie—"No—n—no, sir. He w—was t—t—tryin' to kiss M—M—Maggie J—Jackson."

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN *HAIR* RENEWER.

Every year increases the popularity of this valuable Hair Preparation, which is due to merit alone. We can assure our old patrons that it is kept fully up to its high standard; and it is the only reliable and perfected preparation for restoring GRAY OR FADED HAIR to its youthful color, making it soft, lustrous, and silken. The scalp, by its use, becomes white and clean. It removes all eruptions and dandruff, and, by its tonic properties, prevents the hair from falling out, as it stimulates and nourishes the hair-glands. By its use, the hair grows thicker and stronger. In baldness, it restores the capillary glands to their normal vigor, and will create a new growth, except in extreme old age. It is the most economical HAIR-DRESSING ever used, as it requires fewer applications, and gives the hair a splendid, glossy appearance. A. A. Hayes, M.D., State Assayer of Massachusetts, says, "The constituents are pure, and carefully selected for excellent quality; and I consider it the BEST PREPARATION for its intended purposes."

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

Price One Dollar.

Buckingham's Dye.

FOR THE WHISKERS.

As our Renewer in many cases requires too long a time, and too much care, to restore gray or faded Whiskers, we have prepared this dye, in *one preparation*, which will quickly and effectually accomplish this result. It is easily applied, and produces a color which will neither rub nor wash off. Sold by all Druggists. Price Fifty Cents.

Manufactured by R. P. HALL & CO.,

NASHUA, N. H.

——This is Colorado's best cat story: A cat had alternately lived in three families in a neighborhood. She had four kittens, and, as soon as they were able to take care of themselves, she carried one to each of her two former residences and left it, retaining two with herself. She desired, it seems, to secure good homes for her progeny.

——Highest compliment or premium at the Centennial Exposition for Domestic Cigars was awarded to the manufactrers of the popular 5c brands, the Arama and U. S. C. M.

——Americans are selling munitions of war to both Russia and Turkey, and thus far have the best of the case, as cash accompanies all orders.

——Captain Pollard of the English navy, has been dismissed from the service for not seeing a rock sixty feet high in the path of his vessel.

——"Died of hard drink" was the verdict of an intelligent jury upon the body of a man killed by a falling icicle.

——80,000 loads of snow were removed from the streets of Brooklyn at a cost of seven cents per load.

——"Time works wonders," as the woman said when she got married after a thirteen years' courtship.

——Why are traveling Spiritualists like a pile of greenbacks? Because they are circulating mediums.

——A Miss Petticoat attends school in Philadelphia. She is furbelow the rest of her class.

——Why is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get along without a stick.

——The latest news from Italy is that she is agoing to abolish the death penalty.

——Congressman Crittenden, of New York, is Washington's champion dinner giver.

——Girl's who bet kisses on Tilden's election are said to be growing impatient.

——Why ought a cobbler never to "peg out?" He's supposed to be ever lasting.

——When is a blow from a lady welcome? When she strikes you agreeably.

Merchant Tailors.

MERCHANT TAILORING.

NO. FOUR BROCKERHOFF ROW.

ALLEGHENY STREET.

BELLEFONTE, PENN'A.

Just received by

WM. M'CLELLAN.

a most complete stock of

CLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS;

which he is prepared to make to order in the latest and most fashionable style for men or boys.

Particular attention given to cutting and fitting.

He also keeps on hand a full line of

GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

of every style and variety, consisting of hats and caps, straw goods, muslin or linen shirts, undercloth for summer or winter wear, suspenders, hose, neck-ties, collars, both paper and linen, handkerchiefs.

The best manufacture of Kid Gloves, a fine assortment of sizes, colors, etc., on hand.

WM. M'CLELLAN,

No. 4 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa.

5-13—tf

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $1 free. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 31oly

Foundries.

W. P. Duncan & Co,

Bellefonte, Pa.

ENGINEERS & MACHINISTS.

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

HOUSTON WATER WHEEL

STEAM ENGINES,

CIRCULAR SAW MILLS,

ROLLING MILL

AND

Grist Mill Machinery.

v5n46a812-1y

Hotels.

RAIL ROAD HOUSE

Corner Front and Pine Street,

PHILIPSBURG, CENTRE CO. PA.

ROBERT LOYD, Prop'r.

The best of Liquors and Segars constantly on hand. The table is well supplied with the best the market affords. v4n25-1y

MERCHANTS HOTEL,

CUMMINGS & MAUGLE,

FOURTH ST.

A FEW DOORS ABOVE MARKET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

The accomodations at the "Merchants" are first class and prices moderate. 6-9-tf

St. Cloud Hotel.

Arch St., between 7th and 8th.

The only first-class Hotel in Philadelphia that did not raise its rates on account of the Centennial.

Old Rates, $3.00 a Day.

G. W. MULLIN, Prop'r

Boots & Shoes.

WILLIAM NEWCOMER,

Boot and Shoe-Maker.

Repairing done on short notice. Also, agent for the celebrated Grover & Baker Lock Stitch Sewing Machines. Machines of all kinds repaired or exchanged.

☞ Humes' Block, next door to post-office.

v8-n16-1y

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER.

Michael Burger,

In McCafferty's Block, opp. Depot

FASHIONABLE BOOTS AND SHOES

For Ladies and Gentlemen made on shortest notice and at as reasonable prices as can be obtained at any other place in town. Also repairing done with neatness and dispatch. Give me a call. 8-43 tf

RUBBER GOODS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION, Belting, Packing, Hose, Boots, & Shoes, Clothing, etc. RICHARD LEVICKSON & CO., 724 Chestnut St., Phil. Agents National Rubber Co. 23-48-tf

WILLIAM E. SHOPE,

CABINET-MAKER AND HOUSE BUILDER

Those desiring a first-class workman are requested to give him a call. 8-16-1y

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ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT

ARTICLE OF AGREEMENT

BETWEEN SCHOOL BOARD & TEACHER

constantly on hand at this office and for sale at 5 cts apiece, or 50 cts per dozen.

Scales.

FAIRBANKS' SCALES

FAIRBANKS.

THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD

Over 300 Modifications.

TO THE REQUIREMENTS OF EVERY BUSINESS

FAIRBANKS & EWING.

715 CHESTNUT ST. PHILADELPHIA.

Stoves and Tinware.

W. WETSLER,

DEALERS IN

STOVES

OF THE LATEST AND BEST IMPROVED PATTERNS

TIN WARE

MANUFACTURED FROM THE

BEST QUALITY OF TIN,

AND SOLD AS CHAEP IF NOT CHEAPER THAN AT ANY OTHER PLACE IN TOWN.

SPOUTING

a Specialty, and all orders attended to promptly and satisfactor

STORE OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE, BELLEFONTE, PA.

5-33-tf

Flour and Feed.

DUNCAN, HALE & CO.,

(Successors to John M. Wagner & Co.,)

MANUFACTURERS OF

FLOUR, FEED, &c.,

AND DEALERS IN

ALL KINDS OF GRAIN

The highest market price paid for

WHEAT, RYE,

CORN,

OATS, &c

6-29-1

BALLARD & CO.,

General Commission Merchants

and dealers in Grain, Wool, Hides, Tobacco, Hops, Eggs, Butter, Cheese, Dried Fruits, Furs Feathers, Lard, Tallow, Seeds, Bacon, Beans, Poultry, Flour, Vegetables, &c.

Warehouse, 207 & 209 N. Broad St., Philadelphia

8-13-1y

ERRORS OF YOUTH:

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the recipe and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience can do so by addressing in perfect confidence. JOHN B. OGDEN,

8-50-6m 42 Cedar St., New York

SOLOMON DERR.—Hereby gives notice to his old friends and the business community generally that he has a good team of horses, and that he is prepared at all times to deliver lumber, flour, feed, or baggage, or anything else in his line, to any part of the town or County. Everything committed to his care, will be attended to punctually. 4-29-1y.

COLLECTOR'S SALE

BLANKS.

75 cts per hundred 12 cts per dozen.

☞ Sent post paid to any address on receipt of price.

New Stock of Boots and Shoes.

NEW FALL GOODS

AT POWERS' BOOT & SHOE STORE, OPPOSITE BUSH HOUSE.

LADIES' BOOTS AND SHOES of every style and description.

GENTLEMEN'S BOOTS AND SHOES to suit all minds.

CHILDREN'S BOOTS AND SHOES as fine and fancy as anyone could desire.

Call and see them. You cannot fail to find something that will please you. We are determined to sell, and will not be undersold by any other person in the business. We have a large stock from the very best to the cheapest.

All kinds of goods in the Boot and Shoe line manufactured at reasonable rates.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

OUR TERMS.
FOR SUBSCRIPTION AND ADVERTISING.

The BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN is published every WEDNESDAY MORNING, in Bellefonte Pa. by

EDWARD T. TUTEN,

at the following rates.

One year in advance.....$2.00
If not paid within 6 months.....2.50
If not paid for until expiration of year..3.00

Papers discontinued to subscribers at the expiration of their terms of subscription, at the option of the publishers, unless otherwise agreed upon.

Papers will not be sent out of Centre county *unless paid for in advance.*

Special notices inserted in our local columns at 20 cts. per line for each insertion, unless otherwise agreed upon, by the month, quarter or year.

Editorial Notices in our local columns, 25 cts. per line for each insertion

Marriage or Death announcements published free of charge. Obituary notices published free, subject to revision and condensation by the Editors.

Professional or Business Cards, not exceeding lines this type, $8,00 per annum.

All Advertisements for a less term than three months, 20 cents per line for the first three insertions, and 5 cts. a line for each additional insertion.

SPACE OCCUPIED.	3 mos.	6 mos	1 year.
1 inch(12 lin'this type)	$ 5 00	$ 8 00	$12 00
Two inches.....	7 00	10 00	15 00
Three inches.....	10 00	15 00	20 00
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Quarter column.....	12 00	20 00	30 00
Half column.....	20 00	35 00	55 00
One column.....	35 00	55 00	125 00

All advertisements, whether displayed or blank lines, measured by lines of this type.

All advertisements due after the first insertion.

Job Work of every variety, such as Posters, Bill-heads, Letter-heads, Cards, Checks, Envelopes Paper-books, Programmes, Blanks, &c., &c., executed in the best style with promptness, and at the most reasonable rates.

Address all communications, relating to business, to EDWARD T. TUTEN, Proprietor.
Bellefonte Pa

THE Grand Duke Alexis, with the Russian squadron, arrived at Norfolk a week ago last Saturday. The royal party will not take quarters on shore, but will remain on their vessels.

MEEK, the Centre county Tweed, had a contract, a year or two ago, to furnish the legal blanks for the county for the sum of six hundred dollars. The supply run out, and Meek not furnishing them in season, they were ordered from Harrisburg by one of the Commissioners (by the way, a pliant tool of Meek's). The bill was sent to the Commissioners, and Meek asked to settle it. But his answer was that he did not order them. So while he was furnishing blanks to the county under a contract that paid him twice as much as the work was worth,—he was not even satisfied with that—he must get one of his henchmen to cheat the county by buying part of the blanks out of town and compelling the county to pay for them on this most flimsy pretext.

IF Chairman Hewitt, of the National Democratic Committee, should execute his threat to resign rather than call a national bull-dozing convention in Washington, on the 14th of February, the vacancy thus created ought, by all manner of means, to be filled by the bantum editor of the *Watchman*. His voice is for "wah." He is a very plucky little devil himself, so he wants no cowards at the front of the Rebel Democratic host. He wants Hewitt to step down and out, and we would like to see Meek step up and in. What a plucky little rooster he would be! And he ought to have a banner on which should be his coat of arms, which is a crowing cock! Then how he would lead the victorious Democracy on to their Quixotic victories!

A MAN to appreciate the New Hampshire Democrats should live among them for a little while. The name of unterrified fits them exactly. They are the bar-room pimps, the gutter snipes, the rag-tag and bobtail of that bobtail state. They met in convention a few days ago. They are pining for peace and spoiling for war. They demand that the representatives of the people in the two houses of Congress shall "unite in securing a peaceful settlement of the difficulty," and straightway they threaten war with the significant declaration that it is "a paramount duty to defend the Constitution, even to the last resort." They charge sundry Republican desperadoes and cutthroats with having organized a "conspiracy" in behalf of Hayes, and then placidly proceed to organize another in behalf of Tilden by adding to the announcement of their belief that he has been elected a pledge of their "ready and unqualified support in the full exercise of his authority under the Constitution and the laws of the land." They also demand his inauguration, but this is done incidentally. While it would be well to have him inaugurated in the manner prescribed by custom, it is by no means essential; they see no difficulty in inaugurating him themselves by resolution. As for the counting of the votes, that they seem to think a useless formality, which the Constitution never intended should bar the hungry noses of the New Hampshire Democracy. But there is a method in their madness. In the same breath that they declare for war they demand a reduction of the army. O, cunning Democracy!

THE attempt to frighten the Republicans into conceding Tilden's election is pretty generally confessed to be a failure. The few sensible leaders among the Democrats have seen the folly of the movement from the start, but there is a small faction of blusterers, of whom the editor of the *Watchman* is one, who still persist in keeping up a hubbub. Why their uproar hurts no one except themselves is fairly explained by *Harper's Weekly*: "The Republicans who are disposed to regard the situation as patriots and not as partisans are the very last people in the country to be frightened by threats, or 'committees of safety,' or mass conventions to overawe congress. They have seen service in the field, and they have the reticence of courage. The entire performance of the 8th of January, so far as they are concerned, totally defeats its own purpose, and makes a reasonable and just settlement more difficult, because it confirms the suspicion that the dominant desire with many of the Democratic leaders is not lawful adjustment but a partisan advantage at all costs and by any means."

AN important insight into the manner in which the South proposes to protect the rights of the negro is given by the Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. He writes:

I have been at some pains to obtain the views of candid Southern men on the subject, and find that, should Mr. Tilden be our next President, and the Southern States are left to regulate their "domestic institutions" as they choose, at first nothing will be done by way of legislation. Of course, from the day of the advent of a Democratic President into the White House, the government of each and every Southern State will fall into the hands of white Democrats. In point of fact, in every one of these States but two such is the case now. A wholesome fear of public opinion will at first prevent any legislation aimed at the colored people, and it is well understood that Mr. Tilden will oppose any action which will tend to stir up the prejudices of the Northern people. But when Democratic ascendency in the national councils becomes assured, it is the purpose of the Southern white leaders to do something to protect the 'dominant race' against what they term 'ignorant suffrage.' Every step taken will be carefully within the Constitution. All the States will soon follow the example of Virginia and disfranchise persons who have been convicted of crime, however small. Then will follow a small property qualification and a provision that no man shall vote who cannot show a tax receipt. These provisions alone will disfranchise two-thirds of the negroes in the South, and such means are not unconstitutional. The only obstacle in the way of this legislation is the fear that Congress might insist that the representation of the South in Congress and the Electoral College shall be reduced in the proportion of the disfranchised voters—according to the letter of the Constitution. But it is thought that no serious attempt would be made to enforce this provision of the Constitution, for it is not enforced in Massachusetts, where voters who cannot read and write are disfranchised. One of the most intelligent Southern men here said to me: "We desire to take the negro out of politics. We do not desire to re-enslave him. If we did, it would be impossible. But he is virtually a laborer, and, at present at least, is not fit to be a politician, and we intend to keep him at work, treat him kindly, see that he has home comforts, but that he shall let politics alone."

Faithless County Treasurers.

HARRISBURG, Jan. 9.—The accounting officer of the state has always had more or less trouble with the financial officers of the respective counties of the state, many of whom, as a rule, have been delinquent in their payments, and quite a number annually defaulters. The records of the Auditor General's office show that of actual defalcations on the part of county treasurers, there have been discovered since January 1, 1876, $93,527.89. This is the largest aggregate presented in any year since 1860, and it is no doubt one of the results of the stringency in the money market, which has tempted many county treasurers to bank with the funds of the people, and in attempting to make heavy *shaves* have lost principal and interest in such transactions. It is not as well understood as it ought to be that county treasurers are doing this business with the "surplus" revenues constantly in their hands, and that these balances in official treasuries are the prolific source of loss, embarrassment, and legal expense to the state. Of this amount of $93,527 of defalcations on the part of county treasurers, $26,685.95 have been collected. The collections naturally involved the additional legal expenses, which could not, under the circumstances, be avoided; but there ought to be a law enacted charging this expense to the securities of the defaulters. The balance in process of collection will be secured within one-third, and it is confidently believed the other third will be made ordinarily safe if the legal officers do their full duty. Defalcations on the part of other county officers amount to $13,648, all of which can be collected. The purpose of Auditor General Temple is to force these collections in all cases to the last cent on defaulters or their securities, and he hopes before the fiscal year closes to present a clean set of books. The other statement does not include current arrearages.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Our New York Letter.

The largest Legacy ever left in America—Vanderbilt's Will—Perpetuation of his Name and Power—Public Criticism—Beecher on Vanderbilt—Did Bennett Shoot May?—Minor Matters—A dry Trip through the Bottom of the Sea—Finny Monsters—A Fisherman's Feelings—An Artificial Fish.

NEW YORK, Jan. 16, 1877.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.—The world usually takes upon itself the duty of criticizing the actions and bequests of departed greatness, and its course respecting the dead Commodore forms no exception to this rule. Mr. Vanderbilt, true to his instinctive love for the acquisition and retention of power, followed the English law of primogeniture in his will, far enough to leave at least five-sixths of his whole property to his oldest son, Wm. H. Vanderbilt, and the latter's family. The remaining fraction is distributed among his other relatives and friends in sums ranging from about half a million down, his widow receiving only about the latter sum, and now thousands and thousands of people who have no knowledge of the circumstances governing the testator's action, and no possible business with it, anyway, rise up and soundly rate the old gentleman for not disposing of his millions according to their own superior sagacity and fairness. It is true that some of the minor bequests and annuities seem very small, but in the case of his numerous children, to whom he gives from $200,000 to half a million apiece, and who are getting a good deal of public sympathy for their poverty, it would be interesting to have somebody tell us how much better off these people would be with ten millions apiece. Enough's as good as a feast, and all the comforts of life can be got with $300,000 as well as with some greater sum.

Wm. H. Vanderbilt is to-day the richest man in America, with property estimated as high as from sixty to seventy-five millions, but I really can't see how he can get any more comfort out of it—any better board, clothes, recreation, and opportunities to do good than with a hundredth part of that amount. On the contrary he will only have proportionately greater care, worry and confinement to show for his enormously greater wealth.

Dr. Jared Linsley, the Commodore's faithful medical attendant, receives $40,000, and Dr. Deems, his pastor, $20,000. Application has been made to have the will admitted to probate, and the customary talk started relative to the document's being contested by dissatisfied legatees.

Quite a coincidence in connection with Mr. Vanderbilt's death at the great age of 83, was the death on the following day of his sister at the age of 85 years. Her decease took place at the old homestead on Staten Island and her funeral obsequies were held on the day following those of her brother.

In his Friday evening talk succeeding the death of the railroad king, Mr. Beecher considerably astonished his hearers by saying some pretty severe things about the departed, which are somewhat interesting as showing this eminent divine's views on death bed repentance. Referring to the descriptions of his last hours, of the religious conversation, singing of hymns, etc., Mr. Beecher remarked that Mr. Vanderbilt had never been known as a particularly religious man, nor as a very kind and benevolent one, and said that it would have been a good deal better for him if he had done some of this hymn singing twenty or thirty years ago, instead of reserving it all for his dying bed.

And, apropos of Mr. Beecher, the regular annual auction sale of the pews in Plymouth church took place on Tuesday evening last, the total amount realized clearly showing the effect of hard times, being only about $48,000, which is from 20 to 50 per cent. less than any previous year for five years.

Our other great sensation waxes daily more mysterious. The duel of James Gordon Bennett and Mr. May, the brother of his late *fiancee*, completely baffles the argus-eyed emissaries of the press, and although it was reported to have come off on the 8th, no one has yet been able to find out any of the particulars of the occurrence, or even to know certainly that a hostile meeting has taken place. The most conflicting reports prevail. Mr. May is wounded and Mr. May is not. Mr. Bennett is here and lying concealed outside of the city, and has gone to Europe, and is nobody knows where else beside. Dr. Phelps, the surgeon in attendance at the supposed meeting, has been cited before the Grand Jury to testify regarding the performance, but refused to say one word about it, and was therefore promptly committed to jail for contempt. Resort to habeas corpus has got him so far out that he can visit his patients under guard of a deputy sheriff, but it is proposed to hold him till something definite is learned regarding his course in the matter. Nothing has so completely got the better of the newspaper men for years, unless perhaps the destination of Tweed at the time of his escape. The whole thing is about as badly mixed as the elections.

The French steamer "Amerique," which had already been wrecked or stranded twice before during her various trips between Havre and New York, is now lying in the quicksand near Long Branch, having been beached by a careless pilot during the thick weather of a week ago. Three lives were lost, and the cargo is being slowly removed by wreckers.

One of the periodical auction sales held by the Custom House, of seized smuggled goods, came off this week. The various articles, mostly cigars, liquors, and fancy goods, found, as is always the case at these sales, eager purchasers in that class who are always hunting for bargains in such goods, and who in their eagerness paid more than retail prices for stale and damaged goods. It is an oddity of human nature to commit such follies, but it is almost always the way. Put up a good piece of improved real estate for auction, and it will go for the cost of the fence around it; but advertise a lot of musty cigars and some demijohns of doubtful liquor, and there will be a crowd ready to fight for the privilege of paying two prices for them.

Our novel and fascinating resort, the New York Aquarium, continues to bear witness to the untiring energy and enterprise of its management through its steadily increasing popularity and attendance. People in this country have got so accustomed to exhibitions of animals that only the younger portions of the community can get up much enthusiasm over a menagerie, but here the most hardened sight-seer experiences all the keen delights of novelty. We have all read Verne's "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and sighed with vexation to think that we could never enjoy the thrilling sensations of these fabulous navigators who walked at pleasure on the bed of the ocean, and saw the wonderful teeming life of the depths as familiarly as we see that on the earth's surface. But the miracle has been brought to pass, and now right here, on Broadway, in this big, busy city, one can have in some respects even greater advantages than those envied passengers of the *Nautilus*. They had to wear their cumbrous diving dress, and could see but very little at a time, while the visitor to our Aquarium can, in an hour's time, behold the wonders of river, lake, arctic seas, and trophical waters, and that without so much as wetting his shoes.

The Aquarium is a large, well lighted structure, occupying the site of the iron "Coliseum" (now in Philadelphia), on the corner of Broadway and Thirty-fifth streets. Once inside its broad portals, the visitor finds himself face to face with sights which, if he has a drop of fisherman's blood in his veins, will set it tingling out to his very finger ends. There, all about him, within easy reach, were it not for the thick plate glass which protects them, lie poised in lazy security such trout, pickerel, and other game, as he has only seen in dreams. How they wave defiance at him with their fanning fins and stare it at him out of their unwinking eyes! What would he give for a chance to throw a hook into those clear waters! That an angler is aroused to such improper feelings by his first look at the scaly attractions of the place, I can testify from personal experience; but these soon wear off and become lost in the intense interest which a further inspection awakens.

In an immense tank 60 feet long swim some of the most interesting denizens of the ocean. Slowly traversing and retraversing the length of his domicil glides of shark, whose dull eyes, horrible, half-open mouth and ghastly white belly hold the observer's gaze in a sort of shuddering fascination. Motionless, in the partial obscurity of the bottom of the tank, may be discerned the bony armor of an immense sturgeon. Up and down the sides of the glass walls travel with grotesque springs and wrigglings, a small army of skates, surrounded by an amused crowd like that about a cage of monkeys, which indeed the long tails and antics of these queer flat-fish in some degree recall.

In a neighboring compartment lie certain big dignified lobsters; in another, artfully illuminated from above, a great clustering mass of gold fish glow like a maple tree in autumn, while in more than fifty others a myriad curiosities of fresh and salt water life are presented for leisure examination. Most of these tanks are built into the wall, the bottom and three sides of each being of rocks, shells and sand, and the fourth of glass, as before mentioned. I could occupy columns of space in describing the strange creatures that occupy them, but must leave these things mostly to your readers' imagination until such time as they can visit the place for themselves. I must just mention, however, the great white whale which still spouts and plunges in the central enclosure, the splendid sea lion who roars and gambols in his rocky pool, and the sleek, intelligent seals who claim a large share of the ladies' attention, many a one of whom no doubt would like to transfer their shining coats to their own shoulders.

The two most recent additions to the collection are a queer looking unwieldy hippopotamus with a mouth like that of his own river Nile, and a marvelous Japanese fish with the eminently characteristic name of Kingiyo, having a body like burnished gold, and a long triple tale looking as though woven of white silk and fringed. This latter phenomenon is said to be the product of long years of patient culture.

So rapid has been the growth of the Aquarium since its opening in October that the proprietors have commenced the publication of an illustrated semi-monthly, called the New York "Aquarium Journal," full of interest and instruction, from the pages of which, for one dollar a year, all lovers of knowledge on such subjects can get both information and amusement. RADIX.

Removal of the State Capital.

The mayor of Philadelphia has invited the state to remove its capital to the Quaker city and the newspapers of that city are taking a deep interest in the question. Of course they deny any interest in the removal only as they have the welfare of the state at heart, and one of them even goes so far as to say that if the people of the state want the capital removed to Philadelphia they must foot the bills. But beneath all their assumed indifference is displayed an eager desire to see the removal accomplished, and they may progress slowly in their efforts to convince their readers that they care nothing about it. We trust the country press will prove a unit in opposing the scheme for removing the capital to Philadelphia. Any one who has been at all familiar with the politics of this state for the past twenty years knows that a greater part of the corrupt legislation of our law makers has originated in Philadelphia and been engineered by Philadelphia's members of the legislature. And what would be the power of the city in our legislature should the capital be removed there, where every ward politician would become a member of the lobby? There is no question but that the legislature would become more corrupt than ever, as the influence for evil would be largely augmented by daily contact with the pothouse politicians of the Centennial city.

As for the plausible pretext that there is already a good building for a capital in Memorial Hall, and that the city would pay all additional expenses for removal, it would be found to work about as the contract to return to Uncle Samuel the million and a half loaned to the Centennial is working under their interpretation. When the bills came to be paid it would be discovered that the law forbade Philadelphia to assume the indebtedness, as her expenditures already swallow up all the tax the law permits her to levy, and consequently the good people of the state would have to reach in their pockets for about four millions to square the books. For if the removal was decided upon, those Philadelphians, on the plea that they were going to foot the bills, would have everything done regardless of expense, and would only discover that the law did not permit them to pay for the work when the removal was accomplished and it was too late for the people to retrace their steps. By all means let the capital remain where it is unless you can take it still further away from Philadelphia.—*Miltonian.*

—Mr. Fernando Wood seems to have abandoned the role of a leading statesman. All of his political schemes died of their own weight. He started out with a proposition to impeach the President, two members of the Cabinet, and a Federal judge or two, but was frowned down by Gov. Tilden. Then he tried to start a war, and was laughed out of it by Mr. Ben. Hill. Finally, he proposed to settle the Presidential trouble by a new election in the disputed states, and thereby ran his head so sharply against the Constitution that he has been content to rub it in silence ever since.

—Mr. Congressman Seelye said, before the late Senatorial election in Massachusetts, that he would accept the Senatorship if it was spontaneously offered to him. But then, you see, it was not spontaneously offered to him.

Come now and let us reason together.

Why do people so frequently say to Dr. Pierce, "I suppose your Golden Medical Discovery cures everything"? Because it has been the practice of knavish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending them to cure every form of disease. To such an extent has this been practiced that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have been developed as specifics for certain forms of disease for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hundred cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for instance, has a tonic quality, which suggests its use in cases of debility; an anti-periodic, by which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is employed. So, likewise, the Golden Medical Discovery possesses both pectoral and alterative, or blood-cleansing properties of the highest order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases. First, those of the respiratory organs, as throat, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs and asthma, and second, diseases of the blood and glandular system, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches and eruptions, ulcers, swellings, tumors, abcesses, and in torpor of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggested in cases of pulmonary consumption, yet you need not take it expecting it will cure you if your lungs are half consumed, nor because it is recommended as a blood medicine would its proprietor advise you to take it expecting it to cure cancer. It will not perform miracles, but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

WE ARE SELLING
WE ARE SELLING
WE ARE SELLING

Ladies' Coats at - $3.50
Ladies' Coats at - - $4.00
Ladies' Coats at - $4.50
Ladies' Coats at - - $5.00
An Elegant Assortment at the very Lowest Prices:
Felt Skirts at - 50 cents
White Blankets at $2.50
Flannels at - 15 cents
Muslins at - - 6 cents
Cheviots at - - 8 cents
Men's Boots at - $2.00
Boys' Boots at - $1.25
Ladies' Fine Shoes at $1.25
Men's Suits at - $5.00

Come and see if it is true

S. & A. LOEB

Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster on the Joint Committee.

The Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster, of Philadelphia, does not approve of the conference plan. He said to a reporter of the *Press* on Wednesday evening: "The joint committee have no right to attempt anything of the kind. They are attempting a legal impossibility. What right has any body of men to seek a compromise of difference when that action is in direct violation of the law of the land? No doubt they would like to quiet the fears of timid persons in the North, and silence the tongues of reckless individuals in the South, but, Sir, there is nothing to compromise. The Presidential election was ordered and carried out in accordance with the provisions of the Constitution of the United States, and the question as to which candidates were chosen must be decided by that authority—not by any rule on which they may agree between themselves. In my opinion congress has nothing at all to do with the matter. The manner in which the electoral vote shall be counted is clearly provided for by the Constitution; the president of the Senate is expressly designated as the person on whom that duty rests, and only when there is no choice can the House of Representatives take any action in the matter. But even in such an event congress must proceed in accordance with the law as it stands. The candidates were voted for under the Constitution as it now stands, and no body of men can now change its provisions so as to bring them to bear differently upon the same point. Under the law that the vote for electors was cast must the vote of the electors for President be counted. The justices of the Supreme Court have nothing to do with it, and should not be dragged into it. Had the Constitution been so amended before the election that they or any other parties were authorized to count and announce the vote of the electoral college, the case would have been different; but the same law under which the earlier executives of the Republic were chosen was in force when the last election was held, and only by that law can the question be decided."

Army Vultures.

There are bad men who live upon the misfortunes of others. There are men who would plunge the nation into civil war so as better to enable them to plunder their neighbors. A yoke of oxen could not drag them into the service. They are not fighters; they are bummers and thieves who hang on the outskirts of an army ready to descend upon it like so many hungry vultures, at the proper time, to feed and fatten upon the carcasses of the slain. This is the class that is shouting for Tilden or war. If they should get Tilden they would be as valiant as Falstaff astride the dead body of the gallant Percy. If they should bring about war, they would sneak to the rear, and while honest people cut each other's throats, they would rob their homes and steal away the substance of the soldiers' widows and orphans.

Out upon this class of public enemies! They should be scourged with the lash, and if this fails to impart wisdom, they should be sent to stand guard over the Black Hills during a few months of winter. If, after this experience, they still clamor for war, they should be sent to capture Sitting Bull or transferred to the Mexican army.

The people want peace, and the man who is declared President by the President of the Senate, whether his name is Hayes or Tilden, will satisfy the majority. If, after this announcement, any man, or combination of men, wants to kick up a disturbance they should be treated as common street brawlers and punished as the law directs and as the peace of the community demands.

—The Democratic doctrine of State rights instantly vanishes into thin air whenever the Bourbon majority in the House of Representatives want to accomplish a given party object. They have gone back on all the theories for which they went to war in 1861, and now they have committed the most desperate of all assaults upon the sovereignty of the States by insisting upon the production of the original records and papers of the Louisiana Returning Board, over which they have no more authority than the man in the moon.

—Tilden regards all Democrats as his voting cattle. He is manipulating the Bourbon members of the Illinois Legislature, now.

Counting the Electoral Vote.

The men of brains, in both parties, are opposed to the gambling method of settling the Presidential question, while the main support it gets comes from the business men, who look only to the prospect of getting out of the present complication in the shortest way. General John A. Dix says in a letter to Congressman Kasson:

"I can see only one safe way out of the existing perplexity, and that is to leave the President of the Senate to discharge without interference the duty enjoined on him. The requirements of the constitution are to be secretly observed, no matter how party aspirations or interests may be affected. All legislative devices, schemes, and plans, however unexceptionable their purpose, which derogate from the constitutional power of the President of the Senate, are unwarrantable and perilous to the perpetuity of the Government. It would be as great a wrong and as dangerous an invasion of the Constitution for the two Houses of Congress to disregard or set aside any of the requirements by compromise, as it would be for either by separate action to set them at defiance."

The veteran Thurlow Weed says:

"The question ought to be determined by the Constitution and laws. Either Governor Hayes or Governor Tilden has received a majority of the electoral votes. With this fixed fact, there was nothing left for compromise. The question was a more vital one than any which had arisen since the founding of the government, and anxious as he was for the election of Governor Hayes, he would prefer an adverse result reached under the Constitution to the settlement of a Presidential election by Congressional compromise."

Roger A. Pryor, a very able lawyer, justly observes that the question could just as properly be submitted to the Czar of Russia as to this commission. As this is not, and never has been, a party question, the opposition to an unconstitutional settlement of a constitutional question is likely to include the most prominent men in both parties. They regard a bad political precedent as being something like a blunder in diplomacy, which is worse than a crime.—*Commercial.*

—Ah! The bogus White League Legislature of Louisiana has actually pledged itself by resolution to treat the colored people of that State "with fairness and kindness." Wonderful truthfulness! They will not molest the negroes, yet they march under arms to a general resolution. They will not gash and mangle any more Eliza Pinkstons, yet they besiege the rightful Legislature and Governor and carry the police stations with the bayonet. They are men of law, with arms in their hands; humane and docile patriots, with rebellion and murder back of them. Who says the age of miracles is passed?

—In the apparently inevitable event of war between Russia and Turkey, we suspect it is the invention of the latter to deal slashing blows to the former from the side of Asia, while keeping her well employed in Europe. It would be curious should Asiatic Russia be destined to dismemberment before European Turkey.

—Not a single Democratic paper has, as yet, said a word in condemnation of Pelton's course in sending $8,000 of Tilden's money to Oregon, to influence the action of the electoral college of that State; but if General Hayes' nephew had been caught in a similar act, how they would have howled.

—Democratic leaders, cracking champaigne bottles, and under the influence of Tilden's wine and boned turkey, clamoring for war because of oppression and hard times, is one of those touching pictures of human suffering that are calculated to bring tears to the eyes of a cast-iron statue.

—The Democrats of New Hampshire stick to old Copperhead Marcy as their candidate for Governor. He has an infamous war record, which helped to beat him last year, but as he is rich, and gives liberally, the party cannot get along without him.

—A powerful reaction is setting in against that proposed flip-penny compromise. The highest morality of the whole country is opposed to the dice-box.

—The American people have never yet had a President counted in, and we don't believe they are prepared to resort to this farcic method now.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, Sea Weed Tonic, and Mandrake Pills.—These deservedly celebrated and popular medicines have effected a revolution in the healing art, and proved the fallacy of several maxims which have for many years obstructed the progress of medical science. The false supposition that "Consumption is incurable" deterred physicians from attempting to find remedies for that disease, and patients afflicted with it reconciled themselves to death without making an effort to escape from a doom which they supposed to be unavoidable. It is now proved, however, that *Consumption can be cured*, and that it *has been* cured in a very great number of cases (some of them apparently desperate ones) by Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup alone; and in other cases by the same medicine in connection with Schenck's sea Weed Tonic and Mandrake Pills, one or both, according to the requirements of the case.

Dr. Schenck himself, who enjoyed uninterrupted good health for more than forty years, was supposed at one time to be at the very gate of death, his physicians having pronounced his case hopeless, and abandoned him to his fate. He was cured by the aforesaid medicines, and, since his recovery, many thousands similarly affected have used Dr Schenck's preparations with the same remarkable success.

Full directions accompany each, making it not absolutely necessary to personally see Dr. Schenck unless patients wish their lungs examined, and for this purpose he is professionally at his principal office, corner Sixth and Arch streets, Philadelphia, every Monday, where all letters for advice must be addressed. 1 1m

Schenck's medicines are sold by all druggists.

READING NOTICES.

A Splendid Hair Dressing and Restorer Combined.

Wood's Improved Hair Restorative is unlike any other, and has no equal. The Improved has new vegetable tonic properties; restores grey hair to a glossy, natural color; restores faded, dry, harsh and falling hair; restores, dresses, gives vigor to the hair; restores hair to prematurely bald heads; removes dandruff, humors, scaly eruptions; removes irritation, itching and scaly dryness. No article produces such wonderful effects. Try it, call for Wood's Improved Hair Restorative, and don't be put off with any other article. Sold by all druggists in this place and dealers everywhere. Trade supplied at manufacturers' prices by C. A. Cook & Co., Chicago, Sole Agents for the United States and Canadas, and by Johnston, Holloway & Co., Philadelphia. vol 8 35-1y

New Advertisements.

1877— —1877

Spring & Summer Season

MONTGOMERY & CO.,

Manufacturers of

CLOTHING

Hats, Caps & Shirts.

Cash Sales and Small Profits.

We will make a Good Suit—To your own exact measure—from all-wool fabric—guaranteed fit or no sale—for..... $20 00

We will make good suits to order for..... $21 00
We will make good suits to order for..... 22 00
We will make good suits to order for..... 23 00
We will make good suits to order for..... 24 00
We will make good suits to order for..... 25 00

We will sell better Hats and Caps for less money than elsewhere.
We will sell fine Suits for less money than elsewhere.
We will sell anything in our store cheaper than elsewhere.
Why will you buy common store clothes when our fine goods are only a trifle higher! Remember, a good fit guaranteed or no sale.
Orders solicited now for clothing.

Farmers, Bankers, Merchants and Mechanics,

all people save money by buying fine clothing of

MONTGOMERY & CO.

No. 7 Brockerhoff Row.

9-4-tf

To Consumptives.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a *Sure Cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis*, etc. 8 50-6m

Parties wishing the prescription will please address REV. E. A. WILSON,
194 Penn St., Williamsburg, New York.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphan's Court of Centre county, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 27, 1877,

at 11 o'clock A. M., the following described real estate, late of Theodore Miller, deceased, situate in Howard borough, county aforesaid, bounded on the west by Jacksonville road, on the south by lot of Michael Holter, and on the north and east by alleys, containing One-half an acre, or thereabouts. Thereon erected a DWELLING HOUSE, Blacksmith Shop, Stable, and other out buildings. A good WELL in the yard.

Terms made known on day of sale.

S. I. MILLER,
1-4t. Adm'r of Theo. Miller, deceased.

Stationery.

PATENT

DESK SLATES,

COMBINING IN ONE

Slate, Drawing Surface & Writing Desk.

50 cents. 50 cents.

Undoubtedly the most instructive thing ever invented for the youthful mind.

MOTTOES! MOTTOES!

5 Each. 5 Each.

PICTURE FRAMES!

Fine Rustic Frames, varnished, with glass and back complete. Note the remarkably low prices:

4½ by 6½ at 25 cents. 6 by 8 at 30 cents.
8 by 10 at 33 cents. 10 by 12 at 40 cents.

All other sizes low in proportion.

Motto Frames.

with large gilt bead, Varnished, with Glass and Back.

50 Cents. 50 Cents.

SPLINTS FOR FRAMES,

All Colors and sizes.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS,

in great variety.

BEAUTIFUL CHROMOS,

for 5 cents each.

Plantographs for Drawing,

a new and complete invention which all visitors to the Centennial must have seen in use. Only 25 cents.

Welch's Cheap Book, Stationery & Variety Store,

No. 1 HUMES' BLOCK.

January 15, 1877. tf

NEW MUSIC

—FOR THE—

HOLIDAYS.

WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT. A beautiful Christmas Anthem with solos for soprano, alto, tenor, and bass, by Wm. Pilcher. Price $1.25.

GRATIUS AGIMUS, TIBI, Baritone solo, by Emile Karst. Price 50 cents. A very effective offertory solo for festival occasions.

WHEN YOU ARE NEAR, LITTLE DARLING, song and chorus by the popular composer, Thomas P. Westendorf. Price 35 cents.

MEET ME ON THE OTHER SIDE, LOVE, a fine guitar song and chorus by Chas. E. Pratt. Price 40 cents.

TU REX GLORIA, Base solo by Bordese. Price 50 cents.

COCK OF THE WALK AM I, a humorous song. Something good for minstrel use as an end song. Written and composed by Harry Banks. Price 35 cents.

LA CHASSE D'AMOUR (LOVE CHASE). A set of charming waltzes (in the style of Strauss) by H. Nilsson. Price 75 cents.

THE NEW CONVENT BELLS, by Charles Lange, price 75 cents. An elegant fantasie for concertuse. Be sure to ask for Lange's copy, as others are entirely different.

FLASHES FROM THE WEST WALTZES. Something for good players. By Chas. Lange, price 60 cents.

AUTOGRAPH POLKA, by T. M. Brown. Price 50 cents.

FESTIVAL GLORIA PATRI. No. 1 in D. By Schlesinger, price 30 cents.

FESTIVAL GLORIA PATRI. No. 2 in E. Flat, by Schlesenger, price 30 cents. We can recommend both of these as very choice and effective for church or home.

Send your order for any of the above pieces to

BALMER & WEBER,

206 N. 7th street St. Louis.

Kunkel's Wine of Iron.

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron

The great success and delight of the people. In fact, nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the American people which has so quickly found its way into their good favor and hearty approval as E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron. It does all it proposes, and thus gives universal satisfaction. It is guaranteed to cure the worst case of dyspepsia or indigestion, kidney or liver disease, weakness, nervousness or constipation, acidity of the stomach, etc. Get the genuine; only sold in $1 bottles. Depot and office, 249 North Ninth street, Philadelphia. Ask for Kunkel's, and take no other. Sold by all druggists.

Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia! Dyspepsia!

E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron is a sure cure for this disease. It has been prescribed daily for many years in the practice of eminent physicians with unparalleled success. Symptoms are loss of appetite, wind and rising of food, dryness in mouth, headache, dizziness, sleeplessness and low spirits. Get the genuine. Not sold in bulk, only in $1 bottles. Sold by all druggists. Ask for E. F. Kunkel's Bitter Wine of Iron, and take no other. $1 per bottle or six bottles for $5. All I ask is a trial of this valuable medicine. A trial will convince you at once.

Worms. Worms. Worms.

E. F. Kunkel's Worm Syrup never fails to remove all kinds of worms. Seat, Pin and Stomach worms are readily removed by Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Dr. Kunkel is the only successful physician in this country that can remove Tape Worm in from two to four hours. He has no fee until head and all passes alive and in this space of time. Common sense teaches if Tape Worm can be removed all other worms can be readily destroyed. Ask your druggist for a bottle of Kunkel's Worm Syrup. Price $1 per bottle. It never fails; or send to the Doctor for circular, No. 259 North Ninth street, Philadelphia. Advice free.

SEND 25c to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., New York, for Pamphlet of 100 pages, containing lists of 3000 newspapers, and estimate showing cost of advertising. 41off

Legal Notices.

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The partnership heretofore existing between John T. Fowler, John Somers, and C. Guyer, trading as John T. Fowler & Co., as manufacturers and dealers in timber, lumber, &c., at Hannah, Centre county, Pa., and at Tyrone, Blair county, Pa., has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books and accounts of the late firm are in the hands of John T. Fowler and C. Guyer, for settlement.

The business of the late firm will be continued by John T. Fowler and C. Guyer under the name and style of John T. Fowler & Co.

JOHN T. FOWLER,
JOHN SOMERS,
C. GUYER.

Tyrone, Oct. 27, 1876. 43-3m

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Centre County. No. 99 Nov. Term, 1876.

D. G. Bush *vs.* B. J. Slosser & Co.

The undersigned, an auditor appointed by the court to distribute the moneys in the above case to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will meet the parties, at his office in Bellefonte, on Saturday, January 20, A. D. 1877, at 10 o'clock A. M., where all parties interested will attend.

1-4t W. A. MORRISON, Auditor.

NOTICE OF CHANGE of the Limits of the Borough of Unionville.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made on the

3rd DAY OF FEBRUARY, A. D. 1877,

to the Court of Quarter Sessions of Centre county to change the limits of the borough of Unionville, by adding thereto an addition of six Lots, made by W. P. Fisher, said lots numbered respectively Nos. 20, 21 22. 23, 24, 25.

A. O. FURST,
1-4t Att'y for Petitioner.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of John Fox, Sr., late of Harris township, deceased, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them, duly authenticated, for settlement.

GEORGE A. JACOBS,
Administrator.

Boalsburg, Pa., Jan. 7, 1877. 9 2 6t

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the next Legislature during its Session for the enactment of a law, entitled An Act to regulate and control the legal advertising and County printing in the County of Centre.

EDWARD T. TUTEN.

Dec. 28, 1876. tf

DISSOLUTION OF PARTNERSHIP.—The co-partnership heretofore existing between the undersigned in the Hardware business, under the firm name of J. & J. Harris, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. The books of the firm will remain for settlement at the store, where all persons having accounts will please call and settle the same before April first, next.

JOHN HARRIS,
JAMES HARRIS.

Bellefonte, January 1, 1877.

The hardware business will be continued at the old stand by James Harris and James Potter, under the firm name of James H. Harris & Co. Thankful for the patronage of the public in the past, we hope to merit a continuance of the same. JAMES HARRIS & CO.

2-3t

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that I have bought all the personal property of Daniel Yethers at Sheriff sale, on the 5th day of January, 1877, and I warn all parties having claims not to meddle with said property.

JOHN CRAIG,
3-3t Julian, Houston Twp., Centre Co., Pa.

NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that application will be made to the Legislature now in session to have the provisions of the act of the General Assembly, entitled "An Act to empower the Sheriff and Prothonotary of Schuylkill County to sue for their fees," approved the 20th day of March, 1869, extended to the County of Centre.

L. W. MUNSON, Sheriff,
A. WILLIAMS, Prothonotary.

3-4t

Agents WANTED FOR THE New Book Great CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION ILLUSTRATED

Demand equals the crowds at the Exhibition. One agent sold 40, two 3 each in one day. Over 400 Fine Engravings, costing $20,000, show the best exhibits. Wide-awake agents are quitting all the inferior books for this. Get the Best. Send for circular, terms, and sample engravings.

P. W. ZIEGLER & CO. 518 Arch St., Phila., Pa. 1

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, at Bellefonte, in the State of Pennsylvania, at the close of business, December 22, 1876.

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts	$311,720 63
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	100,000 00
Other Stocks, Bonds and Mortgages	28,125 80
Due from approved reserve agts.	22,167 56
" " other National Banks	191 33
" " State Banks and Bankers.	7,044 61
Real Estate Furniture and Fixtures	25,929 25
Current Expenses & Taxes paid	6,043 .0
Premiums paid	28 99
Checks and other Cash Items	1,944 15
Bills of other Banks	389 00
Fractional Currency (includ'g nickels)	300 88
Specie	570 00
Legal Tender Notes	29,620 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas. (5 per cent of circulation)	4,500 00
Due from U. S Treasurer, other than 5 per cent Redemption Fund	600 00
Total	$553,184 00

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in	$100,000 00
Surplus fund	50,000 00
Uncivided profits	8,797 52
National Bank Notes outstanding	90,000 00
Individual Deposits subject to check	68,633 48
Time Certificates of Deposit	197,531 02
Due to other National Banks	22,798 84
" State Banks and Bankers	1,423 14
Total	$539,184 00

STATE OF PENNSYLVANIA, }
County of Centre SS: }

I, John P. Harris, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. JOHN P. HARRIS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this 15th day of January, 1877.

ROLAND C. CHEESMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct. Attest:
E. C. HUMES,
JAMES A. BEAVER, } DIRECTORS.
ADAM HOY,

3-3t

$55 to $77 a Week to agents. Samples FREE. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. vol 8 35-1y.

IVIN'S PATENT HAIR CRIMPERS, adopted by all the queens of fashion. Send for circular. E. IVINS, No. 2203 North Fifth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 47-6m

Dauchy & Co

25 FANCY CARDS, 15 styles, with name, 10cts., post paid. J. B. Hyatt, Nassau, Rens. Co., N. Y. 2-4t

TRIFLING

WITH A COLD IS ALWAYS DANGEROUS.

USE

WELLS' Carbolic Tablets,

a sure remedy for Coughs, and all diseases of the Throat, Lungs, Chest and Mucus Membrane.

PUT UP ONLY IN BLUE BOXES.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

C. N. CRITTENTON, 7 Sixth Avenue, New York. 1-4w

Active Agents wanted instantly to introduce the

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION

DESCRIBED AND ILLUSTRATED.

Nearly 800 pages; only $2.50; rich illustrations; and a treasure as the BEST and CHEAPEST history of the Great Exhibition. Endorsed by Officials, Press and Clergy. Is selling immensely. One lady cleared $350 in four weeks. Act quickly; now or never. For full particulars address HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, 733 Sansom street, Philadelphia, Pa. 1-4t

AG'TS WANTED FOR HISTORY CENTEN'L EXHIBITION

It contains 330 fine engravings of buildings and scenes in the Great Exhibition and is the only authentic and complete history published. It treats of the grand buildings, wonderful exhibits, curiosities, great events, etc. Very cheap and sells at sight. One agent sold 45 copies in one day. Send for extra terms to agents and a full description of the work. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

CAUTION. Unreliable and worthless books on the Exhibition are being circulated. Do not be deceived. See that the book you buy contains 874 pages and 350 fine engravings. 4-4w

TAKE NOTICE. We have the largest and best selling Stationery Package in the World. It contains 10 sheets of paper, 10 envelopes, pencil, penholder, golden pen, and a piece of valuable Jewelry. Complete sample package, with elegant gold-plated sleeve buttons and ladies' fashionable fancy set, pin and drops, postpaid, 25 cents. 5 packages, with assorted Jewelry, $1. Gold Watches, Lever Watches free to all agents. BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, N. Y.

TWELVE articles in one. The LLOYD COMBINATION. Can be used as a Pencil, Penholder and Pen, Eraser, Penknife, Envelope opener, Paper-cutter Rubber, Sewing Machine Thread Cutter, and for Ripping Seams, Cutting off Hooks and Eyes, Buttons, Erasing Blots, &c. Size of a common pencil, is heavily nickel plated, and will last a lifetime. Agents are coining money and say it is the best selling article out. Sample 25 cents, Six for $1. Extraordinary inducements to Agents. Send for sample half-dozen and canvass your town.

BRIDE & CO. 709 Broadway, N. Y.

SIX STATIONERY PACKAGES, and SIX of the LLOYD COMBINATION for TWO DOLLARS. BRIDE & CO., 709 Broadway, N. Y.

BIG EST Million Gift Jewelry Combination out. Consisting of elegant watch charm, ladies' jet brooch, jet ear drops, pair elegant gold stone sleeve buttons, set spiral studs, collar button, heavy plain wedding ring, and gents' Pocket diamond pin. The above articles sent, post-paid, for 50 cents, have been retailed for $6. Bankrupt stock and must be sold.

"The Boston Globe," speaks very highly of both advertiser and goods, as being honorable in his dealings and reliable in his goods. A commendation we heartily endorse.—*St. Louis Journal, December, 7, 1876.*

POSTAGE STAMPS TAKEN AS CASH.

F. STOCKMAN, 27 BOND STREET, New York. 1-3m

FOUTZ'S

CELEBRATED

Horse and Cattle Powders.

This preparation, long and favorably known, will thoroughly re-invigorate broken down and low-spirited horses, by strengthening and cleansing the stomach and intestines.

It is a sure preventive of all diseases incident to this animal, such as LUNG FEVER, GLANDERS, YELLOW WATER, HEAVES, COUGHS, DISTEMPER, FEVERS, FOUNDER, LOSS OF APPETITE AND VITAL ENERGY, &c. Its use improves the wind, increases the appetite—gives a smooth and glossy skin—and transforms the miserable skeleton into a fine-looking and spirited horse.

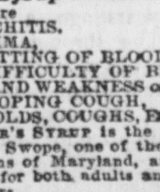
To keepers of Cows this preparation is invaluable. It is a sure preventive against Rinderpest, Hollow Horn, etc. It has been proven by actual experiment to increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent. and make the butter firm and sweet. In fattening cattle, it gives them an appetite, loosens their hide, and makes them thrive much faster.

In all diseases of Swine, such as Coughs, Ulcers in the Lungs, Liver, &c., this article acts as a specific. By putting from one-half a paper to a paper in a barrel of swill the above diseases will be eradicated or entirely prevented. If given in time, a certain preventive and cure for the Hog Cholera.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, Md.

Sold by Druggists and Storekeepers throughout the United States, Canada and S. America. v9-n3-6m

SHRINER'S Balsamic Cough Syrup.



NO CHILD NEED DIE OF CROUP,

If this Syrup is used in time.

It will cure
BRONCHITIS,
ASTHMA,
SPITTING OF BLOOD,
DIFFICULTY OF BREATHING,
PAINS AND WEAKNESS of the BREAST,
WHOOPING COUGH,
COLDS, COUGHS, Etc.

Shriner's Syrup is the prescription of Dr. John Swope, one of the most eminent Physicians of Maryland, and used in his practice, for both adults and children, for forty years.

It will give satisfaction. Test its merits by trying it.

Price 25 and 50 cents per Bottle.

Sold by all Druggists.

DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, Md.

GRAND OPENING.

VALENTINES & COMPANY

Have opened in Humes's new store rooms a very large and well selected stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, SHOES, NOTIONS, QUEENS and GLASS WARE, WOOD and WILLOW WARE, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, &c which were bought at a very great advantage, and we will share the benefits with our patrons, making it to every one's advantage to patronize us. We propose selling goods at very close prices. We shall not advertise any list of prices calculated to deceive, nor do we care particularly about posting other merchants as to our low prices by that mode of advertising, but

WE SHALL POSITIVELY DO ALL WE ADVERTISE, AND WE SHALL SELL ALL GOODS OF WHICH PRICES ARE ADVERTISED BY OTHERS AT LEAST AS LOW, AND IN MOST INSTANCES CONSIDERABLE LOWER

than the advertised prices without misrepresentation. We shall certainly do all in our power to make it advantageous and agreeable to all our patrons.

Buyers will be able to judge of the advantages we offer by favoring us with a call.

Country Produce will be taken in Exchange for our Goods at the highest market Price,

VALENTINES & CO.

H. HERMAN, Manager.

BELLEFONTE REPUBLICAN.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Terms: $2.00 Per Annum in Advance

Farm, Garden & Household.

Stray Thoughts and Receipts.

For the Blues.

Keep garden rhubarb steeped so that you can take four swallows every morning before breakfast; eat bread made of two parts rye or Indian meal, to one of wheat flour; take sufficient exercise in the open air, to contradict the idea that it is "terribly cold;" be sure to do something good, either by word or deed, and to gain some good, physically, mentally or morally. Then if you are troubled with the blues, hide yourself from human sight, until your system has regained its tone, and your estimate of human beings improved.

Baked Apples for Sauce.

Housekeepers sometimes forget that they are out of apple sauce, and have not time to prepare it. When you put your biscuits into the oven, put a plate of medium sized apples in also. See that they bake nicely, and with your nice light biscuit, they will relish finely, besides being more healthy than when eaten in any other form.

Baked Beans.

Parboil the necessary quantitiy in considerable water, till the skins will crack if blown upon. Put a piece of fat salt pork into the bottom of the baking pot, drain the beans and pour over the pork. Bake briskly for eight hours.

Another Way.

Pick the necessary quantity of beans, soak them over night, then skim them into a pot, with the pork, cut in squares on the top, just peeping out of the beans. Add two table spoonfuls of molasses, if you like it, and bake briskly nine hours.

The Best of All.

Take an iron pot, a little larger than the quantity of beans, parboil the beans till the skins will crack, then put the pork into them and set them in the oven. Don't change the water. Bake briskly eight or nine hours, and if you do not say they are tip-top, I will.

CORRESPONDENT.

Apple Fritters.

This is a favorite dish with many, and often prefered to dumplings. We like them prepared thus: Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs, and flour to bring it to a right consistence. Pare and core half a dozen large apples, and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. For trimmings, we like powdered white sugar best, though good brown sugar will do.

French Pickle.

Chop one gallon of cabbage, quart of onions, half gallon green tomatoes, six pods of peppers, cloves, cinnamon, celery seed, horseradish, two of salt, quarter of a pound of sugar, half a gallon of vinegar. Cover with salt one hour, and then add vinegar and spices, and boil until tender.

Removing Paint from Windows.

To remove paint from window glass, melt some soda in very hot water, and wash them with it, using soft flannel. It will entirely remove the paint.

Drop-Cake for Breakfast.

Half-pint of milk, four eggs, one pound flour, add a little salt.

Which is Right?

Some years ago, a gentleman was traveling through New England. He was a singer on a professional tour through the villages and towns. He stopped at a hotel of a certain place for several days, first having arranged with the hotel-keeper for his fare as long as he should stay. But when the time was up, the hotel-keeper's bill was much larger than had been agreed upon, and he remonstrated. But the man resisted, declaring that his guest had received more than was arranged for, thus trying to explain the extra charge. The gentleman was desperate; there was no time to help himself, and perhaps no likelihood of doing so, even if it had not been necessary for him to leave at once. So he paid the bill, extravagant and unjust as it was, handing over to the hotel-keeper a large note which would require several dollars of change to be returned. As he received the change, what was his surprise to find that the hotel-keeper had made a mistake, and returned a far larger sum than the original charges. But he concealed his astonishment, and quietly put the money his pocket. Wasn't the hotel-keeper richly rewarded for his meanness and injustice, and that by his own unconscious action?

Not long ago, a lady was shopping in the town where she lived. After making several purchases at a certain store, she was about paying for them, when, to her surprise, the clerk brought forward an old account, which he said had never been settled. The lady was in the habit of keeping a strict record of all her business transactions, and, in any case, knew the bill had been paid. But the clerk persisted that it had not, and the lady, though thoroughly aware of the imposition, settled the account for the second time. The note she passed to the clerk would more than cover both charges, and she waited for the change. The clerk miscounted, and accidently paid her back more than she herself had paid. But instead of silently putting it in her purse, she informed the clerk of his error, and laid the extra money upon the counter, leaving him, blushing and rebuked, to his reflections.

Which was right?

In his lecture on "Does Death End All?" in Boston, recently, Rev. Joseph Cook used this illustriation of the immortality of the soul:

"As, therefore, from the structure of the eye we may infer the existence of a wholly external agent, light; or from that of the ear that of a wholly external agent, sound, so from the absolute inertness of the cerebral structure in itself we must attribute its activeness to an agent as external to it as sound is to the ear or light to the eye.

"That agent is invisible to the external vision, and intangible to the external touch.

"Is it positively known to consciousness, or the external vision, and touch.

"That agent is the soul.

"As the dissolution of the eye does not destroy the light, the external agent which acts upon it, and as the dissolution of the ear does not destroy the pulsation of air, the external agent which acts upon it, so the dissolution of the brain does not destroy the soul, the external agent which sets it in motion."

——An Italian has invented a torpedo, which will not only blow up a 100-ton gun, but will shatter the ship, kill all the crew and break all the dishes on the nearest land.

——The sun does less than ten hours work daily now.

Medical.

VEGETINE

Purifies the Blood, Renovates and Invigorates the Whole System.

ITS MEDICAL PROPERTIES ARE

Alterative, Tonic, Solvent,

AND DIURETIC.

Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine Vegetine

Reliable Evidence.

MR. H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I will most cheerfully add my testimony to the great number you have already received in favor of your great and good medicine, Vegetine, for I do not think enough can be said in its praise, for I was troubled over thirty years with that dreadful disease, Catarrh, and had such bad coughing spells that it would seem as though I never could breathe any more, and Vegetine has cured me; and I do feel to thank God all the time that there is so good a medicine as Vegetine; and I also think it one of the best medicines for coughs and weak, sinking feelings at the stomach, and advise everybody to take the Vegetine, for I can assure them it is one of the best medicines that ever was.

MRS. L. GORE,
Cor. Magazine & Walnut sts.,
Cambridge, Mass.

GIVES

HEALTH, STRENGTH and Appetite.

My daughter has received great benefit from the use of Vegetine. Her declining health was a source of great anxiety to all her friends. A few bottles of Vegetine restored her health, strength and appetite.

N. B. TILDEN,
Insurance and Real Estate Agt.
No. 49 Sears' Building,
Boston, Mass.

CANNOT BE EXCELLED.

CHARLESTOWN, Mar. 19, 1869.
H. R. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—This is to certify that I have used your "Blood Preparation" in my family for several years, and think that, for a result of Cankerous Humors or Rheumatic affections, it cannot be excelled; and as a blood purifier or spring medicine it is the best thing I have ever used, and I have used almost everything. I can cheerfully recommend it to any one in need of such a medicine.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. A. A. DINSMORE,
No. 19 Russell Street.

RECOMMEND IT Heartily.

SOUTH BOSTON, Feb. 7, 1870.
MR. STEVENS:

Dear Sir—I have taken several bottles of your Vegetine, and am convinced it is a valuable remedy for Dyspepsia, Kidney Complaint and General debility of the system. I can heartily recommend it to all suffering from the above complaints.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. MUNROE PARKER,
86 Athens Street.

PREPARED BY

R. H. Stevens, Boston, Mass.

3-1m

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.

Banks and Bankers.

MOSES THOMPSON, JOHN I. THOMPSON, WM. THOMPSON, JR.

JOHN I. THOMPSON & CO.

BANKERS,

LEMONT CENTRE CO., PA.

v6n1-1y

BROCKERHOFF, Pres't.....J. D. SHUGERT, Cash'r

CENTRE COUNTY BANKING CO., receive Deposits and allow Interest, Discount notes, Buy and sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons. v6n1-1y.

E. C. HUMES, Pres't.....J. P. HARRIS, Cash'r.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Bellefonte, Allegheny Street, Bellefonte, Pa. v6n1-1y.

Professional Cards.

A. O. FURST, Attorney-at-Law, office in his new building, north side and opposite the Court House. 8-1-tf

CLEMENT DALE, Attorney-at-Law, office on High Street, second door from First National Bank. 8-42-tf

W. A. MORRISON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa. v6n1-1y

BLANCHARD.....E. M. BLANCHARD.

E. & E. M. BLANCHARD, Attorneys-at-Law, Allegheny street, Bellefont Pa. v6-1-1y.

D. S. KELLER, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office North-west corner of Brockerhoff House, next door to Centre County Banking Co. 5-17-1y

D. F. FORTNEY, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Special attention given to the collection of claims. Office over Reynolds & Co.'s Bank. v6n1-1y.

JOHN H. ORVIS, C. T. ALEXANDER, C. M. BOWERS.

ORVIS, ALEXANDER & BOWERS, Attorneys-at-Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office in Garman's building, opposite Court House. 6-1

BUSH, YOCUM & HASTINGS, Attorneys at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. Office north-east cor of the Diamond, opposite First National Bank 7-1-1y

STITZER & MAGEE, Attorney's at law. Office on Allegheny St., over Reynolds' bank, Bellefonte, Pa. May be consulted in English or German.

JOHN I. IRWIN, Attorney-at-law. Office North side of Diamond, Bellefonte, Pa. Collections carefully attended to, and remittances promptly made.

JOHN F. POTTER, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa. oct27'70-tf.

J. G. LOVE, Attorney at Law, Bellefonte, Pa Office on High St. ja1'71-tf.

Physicians and Dentists.

EDWIN S. DORWORTH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, on south side of Diamond, two doors above Garman's hotel. Calls promptly attended day or night. 6-14-tf

DR. J. W. RHONE, Dentist, has permanently located in Bellefonte, and may be found at all times at his office (and residence) in the "Turner Building," on Allegheny st., first door North of Wilson & Hicks' Hardware store. 7-13-tf

H. H. MOTHERSBAUGH, M. D., Physician and Surgeon. Calls promptly attended to day or night. Office at his drug store, in Beech Creek, Clinton county, Pa. Also dealer in pure drugs and medicines, fancy and toilet articles, etc. v7n47-1y*

DR. J. B. LAIRD, OF MILESBURG, A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, having had an experience of over twenty years in civil and military practice, offers his professional services to the public.

☞ Female Complaints and Chronic Diseases made a specialty. v8n1-1y

GEO. M. SWARTZ, Dentist, has resumed the practice of Dentistry, and is now permanently located in Bellefonte, in the McClain Block, on the second floor, opposite the Bush House. Having practiced 11 years, is prepared now to do work in the latest improved style. v8-23-1y

DR. E. I. KIRK.

Expresses.

JNO. D. SOURBECK.

LOCAL EXPRESS.

A local expressing promptly attende to reasonable rates.

Also, proprietor of all the bill boards in town.

BILL POSTING A SPECIALTY.

5-16 1y

Shaving Saloons.

M. S. GRAHAM, Fashionable Barber, in Basement of the Conrad House Bellefonte Pa. The best of Razors, sharp and keen, always on hand. He guarantees a SHAVE without either pulling or pain. Perfumery, Hair Oil Hair Restoratives, &c., constantly on hand. WARM AND COLD BATHS. 5-1-tf

WM. MILLS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER.

Pleasant rooms and experienced workmen, Felty's new building, High Street, Bellefonte, Pa 5-29-1y

If you want Bill-Heads,
If you want Envelopes,
If you want Statements,
If you want Note Heads,
If you want Show Cards,
If you want Ball Tickets,
If you want large Posters,
If you want small Posters,
If you want Labels,
If you want Invitation Cards,
If you want Business Cards,
If you want Phamphlets printed,
If you want Business Circulars,
If you want job printing of any description in as good style as at any other Job Printing Establishment in the country, and at very moderate prices, leave your orders at the REPUBLICAN office, where they will be attended to. Job printing of every description done neatly, cheaply and quickly.

WM. S. TRIPPLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

McCAFFERTY'S NEW BUILDING,

Opposite Depot,

Has just received a large invoice of

GENTLEMENS'

FURNISHING GOODS.

of the latest styles,

FASHIONABLE SUITS

MADE TO ORDER AT

LOW CASH PRICES

v6-12-1

Bakeries.

NEW BAKERY.

Having purchased the entire stock and fixtures of the

KEYSTONE BAKERY,

opposite the depot, Bellefonte, Pa., I am now prepared to furnish families with the best of

BREAD, BREAD, BREAD,
CAKES, CAKES, CAKES,
PIES, PIES, PIES, PIES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.
CONFECTIONERIES, ETC.

all guaranteed to be fresh and pure. I have employed Mr. John Dawson, who is acknowledged to be the best baker in town, to take charge of the bakery, and at all times I will strive to give entire satisfaction to my customers. v8-26-1y A. H. COX.

BREAD EATERS, ATTENTION.

Mr. Albert Kauth,

AT THE

Bishop St. Bakery,

is now making the VERY BEST

Bread, Cakes and Pies,

in Bellefonte. Mr. Kauth makes the very best BRETZELS in the county, and is able to supply all demands for that article.

Candies & Confections

of all kinds always on hand, together with Oranges, Lemons, Figs, Dates, Nuts, Jellies and everything good.

ICE CREAM!

An excellent ice cream saloon also attached to the bakery. Call and see me.

8-32-1y ALBERT KAUTH.

Miscellaneous Cards.

D. R. B. NEVIN,
(Late United States Pension Agent),
Attorney-at-Law,
and Solicitor of Claims,
725 Sansom street, PHILADELPHIA, PENNA.
Pensions, Bounties, Back Pay and Prize Money secured and collected. v8-n19-6m

STABLISHED 1853. ESTABLISHED 1853.

F. P. GREEN

DRUGGIST,

BUSH HOUSE BUILDING, BELLEFONTE

Keeps constantly on hand, or orders on shortnotice, a full assortment of everything usually kept in a first-class Drug Store. Particular attention given to preparing Physicians prescriptions, and family recipes. v6n1-1y.

THOMAS H. RHOADS

is prepared to do

PAPER HANGING, PAINTING & GLAZING

at reasonable rates. Orders left at his residence on Lamb street, Bellefonte, Pa., will receive prompt attention. ☞ Satisfaction guaranteed. v8n12-1y

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COCHRAN & GILLESPIE,

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Cigars, Etc.,

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(NORTH SIDE)

PHILADELPHIA.

v8-31-1y

T. D. KELLOGG,

General Advertising Agent,

5 Beekman St., New York.

v8no46 1y

Iron City College

PITTSBURGH, PA.

The most complete institution in the United States for the thorough practical education of young and middle-aged men.

☞ Students received at any time. ☜

Address for circulars containing full particulars,

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The last Report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office shows 2,897,500 acres of Bounty Land Warrants outstanding. These were issued under act of 1855 and prior acts. Gilmore & Co. pay cash for them. Send by registered letter. Where assignments are imperfect we give instructions to perfect them.

United States General Land Office.

Contested land cases prosecuted before the United States General Land Office and Department of the Interior. Private land claims, mining and pre-emption claims and homestead cases attended to.

Arrears of Pay and Bounty.

Officers, soldiers, and sailors of the late war, or their heirs, are in many cases entitled to money from the government of which they have no knowledge. Write full history of service, and state amount of pay and bounty received. Enclose stamp to Gilmore & Co., and a full reply, after examination, will be given you free.

Pensions.

All officers, soldiers, and sailors wounded, ruptured, or injured in the late war, however slightly, can obtain a pension by addressing Gilmore & Co.

Cases prosecuted by Gilmore & Co. before the Supreme Court of the United States, the Court of Claims, and the Southern Claims Commission.

Each department of our business is conducted in a separate bureau, under the charge of the same experienced parties employed by the old firm. Prompt attention to all business entrusted to Gilmore & Co. is thus secured. We desire to win success by deserving it.

Address Gilmore & Co.,
47-tf WASHINGTON, D. C.

PIMPLES.

I will mail (Free) the recipe for preparing a simple VEGETABLE BALM that will remove TAN, ERUPTIONS, PIMPLES, and BLOTCHES, leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful; also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address Ben. Vandelt & Co., Box 5121, No. 5 Wooster Street, N. Y. 8-50-6m

H. M. Herrington,

--RE-OPENED.--

A New Thing in an Old Place.

The Bellefonte public and the people of the county generally will be pleased to know that the old and well established

DRUG STORE,

late the property of James C. Williams, on Allegheny street, next door to Hicks & Brother's hardware emporium, is re-opened for business, re-stocked and fitted out with the very best

DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Perfumeries, Dye-Stuffs, Notions,

and everything usually kept in a first-class Drug store.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours of the Day or night, and particular attention given to the wants of farmers and others who live in the country. Store never closed to those who want medicines or anything in the drug who want medicines or anything in the drug line. The undersigned hopes, by strict attention on to business, to merit and receive patronage.

H. M. HERRINGTON, Agent.

Dry Goods.

HARPER BROTHERS

SPRING STREET,

BELLEFONTE, PA.,

DEALERS IN

ENGLISH

—AND—

West India Goods

FLOUR & GRAIN,

Have just received a Large and Well-selected Stock of

Dry Goods

AND

GROCERIES

which they are selling at

PANIC PRICES

Always glad to show their goods whether you buy or not.

CALL AND SEE

vol7no41y

Coal, Lime, &c.

WM. SHORTLIDGE BOND VALENTINE

Shortlidge & Co.,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

COAL UNDER ROOF,

FROM THE

WILKESBARRE BALTIMORE COAL CO'S MINES,

prepared expressly for family use.

BEST COAL IN THE MARKET!

Also, SHAMOKIN ANTHRACITE COAL.

LIME!

WOOD or COAL BURNT,

challenges competition as to quality.

Agents for the sale of

DUPONT'S POWDER

RIFLE, SPORTING and BLASTING POWDER constantly on hand, which is sold in large or small quantities.

FUSE--BEST COTTON, HEMP AND TAPE FUSE for BLASTING,

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY,

all of which are being sold at the very LOWEST PRICES.

CONSUMERS OF AND DEALERS IN ABOVE ARTICLES ARE SOLICITED TO GIVE US A CALL!

Office and Yard near South End of Bald Eagle Valley Railroad Depot.

v5n34-1y

THE

AMERICAN SOCIALIST.

1877. ONEIDA, N. Y. $2.00

Many people in Europe and in this country are now studying and experimenting in preparatory forms of a new social life. THE CO-OPERATORS OF ENGLAND number more than a million persons. These have their co-operative stores and shops in which they get food, fuel, clothing, and other necessaries of life, at very nearly the cost price, thereby saving in the aggregate enormous sums annually. The foremost thinkers among these co-operators are beginning to advocate combined housekeeping in LARGE HOMES, for the sake of the greater economies of living, the improved conditions of health, of education, for rearing children, and the better associations which are thus to be had. IN GERMANY a like movement is progressing on an immense scale, while Russia is said to be "honeycombed with Socialists." In our own country the co-operative movement has got a strong foothold, and we have besides many interesting Communistic experiments, new and old, which should be intelligently reported and carefully studied.

To watch, report, and assist this evolution of the civilized world from an old and very defective social system to a new one adapted to the present needs of mankind, and to discuss the principles which should govern the transition, is the function which the **American Socialist** has undertaken to perform. This is an eight-page paper, about the size of the *Scientific American*, and is published every Thursday at Oneida, N. Y. Terms: One year, $2.00; six months, $1.00, always in advance. It gives a careful summary of news, interesting correspondence, etc., etc. The SECOND VOLUME began January 4, 1877.

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THE

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FOR 1877.

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Unsurpassed as a Political, Commercial and General Newspaper.

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IN POLITICS

the Commercial will endeavor to pursue the same course which has characterized it in past years. It will support Republican principles, always exercising the right to freely criticise party measures which do not meet its approval, and to condemn the acts of party friends when those acts do not comport with its sense of right and justice. It will remain faithful to the great aims and convictions upon which the Republican party was based, and will espouse the cause of no clique or faction. The grave questions which now agitate the country, and which must in due time reach a proper and (as we believe) peaceful solution, will be full of interest to the general reader, and will be calmly and dispassionately but firmly discussed in all their bearings.

THE NEWS DEPARTMENTS

will be fully up to the demands of the reading public. In addition to the comprehensive and accurate reports of the Associated Press, giving the news from all parts of the world, arrangements have been made for Special Telegraphic and Mail Correspondence from the National and State Capitals, and from other important centres.

In the department devoted to the publication of Local News will be found a complete daily history of the city and its environs, gathered by a corps of careful writers and set forth in attractive style.

THE MARKETS

will, as heretofore, receive careful attention. Full telegraphic reports of the state of business, with prices current, will be received daily from the trade centres of this country and Europe. The Pittsburgh market in all its branches will be reported fully and accurately. As a commercial journal the Commercial stands second to no paper in the country.

The Financial Column will give daily the ruling rates for money and the prices of Stocks and bonds at the great trading points, with much interesting statistical matter.

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embracing Poems, Sketches, Incidents of Travel, etc., will find a place in the columns of the Commercial, furnishing abundance of instruction and amusement for the family circle.

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A Paper for the Farmer, the Mechanic, the Manufacturer,

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NEWS OF THE DAY,

including the proceedings of Congress and of the Legislatures of neighboring States, interesting Correspondence, choice selections and

Complete weekly Market Reports,

SPECIALLY PREPARED FOR IT.

☞ The Weekly Commercial will be sent Postage FREE to Subscribers.

Terms for 1877.

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LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

The Company We Keep.

SNYDERTOWN, Jan. 22, '77.

"Show me the company you keep and I will show you your character," is a maxim worthy of continual remembrance by every person, but is of especial importance to the young. Each person living is possessed of an influence, and this influence exerted, whether conscious or otherwise, is either for good or for evil. We are all imitative beings, trying to copy the actions, repeat the words and mimic the gestures of those with whom we associate. Can we then attach too much importance to the thought of what sort of character our associates should possess? No, never; for if there is one thing under the sun in which we should use great care and impartial judgment, it is in the selection of our friends and associates. It is not so much to be wondered at that a professor of religion should soon grow cold, when the company he keeps is irreligious. Who would think of mixing pure with impure water in order to remove the impurity? The only way would be to keep the pure at a distance. Just so it is with human nature; for it is ever more prone to assimilate with the evil than with the good, simply because the sinful and base propensities of our nature rise up and gain the ascendency whenever the least encouragment is given them; and where can this encouragement be better found than in the companionship of the morally impure and godless society? What we are at present, or whatever we hope to be in the future, depends, in a great measure, on the character of our associates. And right here I cannot refrain from speaking of the strong influence exerted by young women over the young men of their acquaintance—stronger than they ever dream of; and if ever an influence should be pure and incorrupting, this should. Why are there so many profligate, vicous and corrupt young men? Is it because young women would have it so? No; but they fail to exert that moral influence over them that they should. They smile upon them, tickle their vanity with flattering words, overlook their glaring defects of character, and even show that they are fond of their company, if only they conduct themselves with some show of decency when in their society.

Why will the young women of this enlightened age still continue to smile on libertines and licentious young men, when they themselves wish to retain their moral purity? A young woman, who places the right estimate on the worth of character, will have nothing to do with a young man of loose morals, for she cannot hope to remain uncontaminated. So long as a young man of rowdyish habits is smiled upon, petted and encouraged by the young women of their acquaintance, they will consider it all right, and even rush to a greater excess of indolence. Young women, think you that young men would countenance in you the habits which you smile upon in them? No, never. Then why not erect the same standard for them? Awake and open the eyes over which folly has woven its web, and work night and day to remove the tarnish which evil associations have placed on your character. Have nothing to do with dissolate young men, nor indeed with bad company of any sort, and it shall be well with you, and thereby shall you accomplish more good, both by precept and example, than you ever dreamed of. But can we not be in bad company when we are alone? Now this may sound strange, that we should be in bad company and yet be alone, with no earthly friend visible. Are not our thoughts and feelings our constant society? And when our thoughts are impure and sinful can we be said to be in good company? No. No more can we be in good company when we cherish feelings of distrust, envy, jealousy, hatred or any evil design. The fountain must be kept pure if the stream is expected to be pure. Just so we must keep thinking pure thoughts if we would have our life pure. Let us keep good company in thought, in word and in deed, and then our character will be pretty sure to stand the test.

ADA.

Patience.

SNYDERTOWN, PA. Jan. 22, 1877.

Patience, considered as one of the Christian graces, is a priceless gem. Priceless, because of real worth, and because of its rare attainment. Patience, if possessed, will protect us from a thousand snares; and seldom comes empty handed, but generally brings us many advantages. Patience is the balance wheel of our life, by which we acquire an even adjustment of all our tempers, prejudices, and changing moods. It is patience which will heighten our joys, alleviate our woes, in a great measure, and make smooth our pathway to the grave. Though it is a priceless virtue, it is seldom appreciated as such, and not often is its possession eagerly sought; the impatient person will offer the excuse, "I can't help it," and seem satisfied with his theory. And now we notice that patience may be either active or passive. Active, in every day life, and passive, on a bed of sickness, or in circumstances when there is nothing we can do but stand and wait. Amid the hurry and bustle incident to every day life, it is hard, indeed, to keep an even, unruffled temper. When we are worried and tired in the weary march of life, the angry retort will leap to the lip with lightning speed, at the least provocation, and all the sunshine vanish from our faces.

A fit of anger, indulged, is to us what a heavy storm at sea would be for a noble ship. Look abroad and see the wrecks caused by anger, which is but an aggravated form of impatience. Wrecks of happiness, joy, peace, and contentment. Yea, even life itself has fallen a victim to the furious blast of passion. When we are angry we generally speak and act, to repent at leisure. Words are spoken and actions committed which cause tears of bitterness to flow freely, when we return to self and see what we have been doing. By getting angry we injure our bodies, souls, and minds; and every time we allow our temper to gain the mastery the weaker do we become in the grasp of the enemy. O, Anger! thou emissary of the evil one; thou stalkest abroad, and hast slain thine hundreds, while thou hast caused bitterness and sorrow on every side; thou art the father of envy, strife, contention. and every evil work!

Thus far we have been speaking of the necessity of patience, when engaged in the active pursuits of life; but after all there is one test of patience still more severe, and that is to be taken away from active duty, and lain down on a couch of weariness and pain. They only can be accounted patient, who, with a feeling of utter helplessness and with the knowledge of their dependence pressing heavily upon them, can yet endure all and drink each bitter drop without the least impatient word. To endure is God-like. There are times when, if we would be valiant soldiers, we must stand still in the march of life, and wait the guiding finger of our Captain. Neither must we grow weary should he seem to tarry. I like the definition of patience given by the Scotch lassie, who said it meant "wait a wee and dinna weary." However, there is one sort of patience, which, if it can be called patience, I heartily abhor. There are a certain class of people in the world who rarely get angry and can lie about quite a while without fretting; but then, what is their life worth? Simply a shiftless, easy-going, care-for-nothing existence. Now, that is not the sort of patience that is going to carry a man through, who intends to do something; and when your Saviour says, "In your *patience* possess ye your souls," he does not mean that we should stand with folded hands, so long as the power of doing is given us. Neither should we flee from or avoid all temptation, for only when we stand the test can we know whether we are becoming more patient. I can do no better than to add in conclusion two verses of poetry from an unknown source, but which I think are fitting to the subject:

"We can bear the heat of conflict,
Though the sudden, crushing blow,
Beating back our gathered forces,
For a moment lays us low.
We may rise again beneath it,
None the weaker for our fall;
But the waiting time, my brothers,
Is the hardest time of all.

Yet at last we learn the lesson
That God knoweth what is best,
And a silent resignation
Makes the spirit calm and blest;
For, perchance a day is coming
For the changes of our fate,
When our hearts will thank him meekly
That he taught us how to wait."

ADA.

Political.

National Notes.

Wendell Phillips' Owl Story.

If we act like the fanatic in Wendell Phillips' owl story we shall neither be dazed nor confused by these dazzling and novel complications in our National affairs. A farmer (says Phillips) saw an owl on his barn. He shot at it. The wadding from his gun set the hay on fire. The barn was burned down. When the news went to the village a knot of men talked about it. One didn't see how the wadding could have set fire to the hay. Another wondered whether the property was insured. A third saw a nice legal question—Would the insurance company pay up when it should be shown that the owner himself was the "innocent cause" of the fire? A fourth inquired what the loss was. There was a fierce debate. Suddenly, in a lull of the talk, an old fellow asked: "Did he shoot the owl?" That man (said Phillips) was a fanatic; he was not to be led astray by side issues!

The New Rebellion.

So, the rebel rabble in Congress, and out, are trying to hide the real question of the day behind a phantom host of false or irrelevant issues. Don't let us be fooled by them. Let us keep our eye on the owl! They failed to whip the nation in battle. They are now trying to defeat its will in politics. The tiger is a fox now. Fraud has succeeded force. The old rebel leaders, by terrorism and fraud, have established a despotism in nearly all of the Gulf States, and in several of the other States; and by these foul means they now claim that they "honestly" elected the Tammany Hall trickster to the Presidency of the United States. Having conquered their own States, they now seek to seize the Capital. That is the secret of all this turmoil. This is the owl on the barn.

"The Black Vote."

The thirteenth amendment abolished slavery. The fourteenth amendment annulled the representation of the old "three-fifths of other persons." The fifteenth amendment established universal (male) suffrage. Under the "three-fifths of other persons" clause in the Constitution the old slave States would have been entitled (under the census of 1870) to twenty-two members of Congress, representing the black population—that is to say, if the fourteenth amendment had not abolished it. The 4,455,000 blacks now give the South thirty-eight members of Congress. There are 9,308,000 whites in the old slave States. If we had not enfranchised the blacks, "the solid South," on the "white basis," would have had only 68 Congressmen instead of the 106 which it has today. In every Southern State, excepting South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, the blacks are actually or practically disfranchised. While not one colored man in a hundred does not hate the Democratic party, they are represented in Congress by the reddest of the rebel Democrats. This is the power that the rebels are now fighting to hold.

There are 40 Republican districts in the South, yet there are only 15 Republicans in the 45th Congress! Thus, while the banditti denounce negro suffrage (to use Lamar's words) as a scheme for ejecting four millions of barbarians into the body politic, we have given the South, by this enfranchisement of the blacks, votes enough to offset all the New England States and New Jersey, Kansas, Nebraska and Colorado combined; as many as Illinois and Indiana and Iowa combined; as many as New York and New Jersey combined; nearly six times as many as the Pacific States put together, and one more than the great "North-West," including Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin and Minnesota!

And yet the Southern Democrats are frothing with "constitutional" and "legal" indignation, because, although we have allowed them to cheat us at this last election out of North Carolina's 10 electoral votes, out of Mississippi's 8 electoral votes and out of Alabama's 10 electoral votes, we are not all willing that we shall be swindled out of the 19 Republican votes cast in the Republican States of Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana—South Carolina, with its legitimate Republican majority of 20,000, and Louisiana, that never gives us less at a free and fair election, than 25,000 majority. Hence these yells!

Military Interference.

Hence, also, the outcry against "military interference," that has deceived so many honest Northern men. A great many good people have come to think that the Republican party has actually terrorized the Southern whites! Now, the truth is, that not one—not even one—white man, or black man, or white man's yellow son in all the South, has ever yet been prevented from voting as he pleases, or forced to cast a ballot against his will, by any Federal soldier or Federal officer. Not one! Our troops have only prevented the banditti (and then only in a few instances) from forcing the blacks, and white Republicans, either not to vote at all or to vote against their conscience. This is the chief duty of every government. If our Republican Government does not protect its humblest citizens, let me ask you what is the use of a Republican Government at all? Powerful citizens are safe under any form of government. Military interference, where the rights of the lowly are in danger, is not only not wrong, but it is the most sacred duty of our rulers.

"State Rights."

Hence, also, the outcry that the "rights of the States" are violated when the nation steps in to prevent the overthrow of the rights of the citizens. The end of the coming conflict will be the incorporation in the National Constitution of the declaration that the States have no rights that empower them to oppress any class of citizens. But, until this issue is sharply made, I have no doubt that many good men everywhere will be troubled by the outcries of the rebels, that the National Government is invading the "rights of the States." Take notice that the rebels in Congress did not hesitate, notwithstanding their States rights' theories, to send investigating committees to Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida; but when the Republicans demanded an inquiry into the election frauds of the South, Senator Bayard sprang at once to his feet and denounced it as an "inquisition!"

Some Things Sure.

Amid all the hub-bub these things are sure:

1. That Hayes and Wheeler are elected.

2. That Hayes and Wheeler will be inaugurated.

3. That (to use the language of the son of President Tyler to me) "All this is Southern brag and bluster, sir; they think they can frighten the Republicans; but you couldn't get a fight out of these men, sir, if you were kick them from Richmond to San Antonio!"

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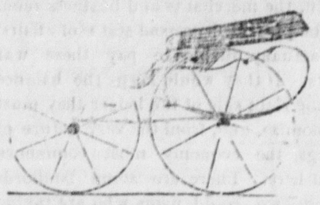

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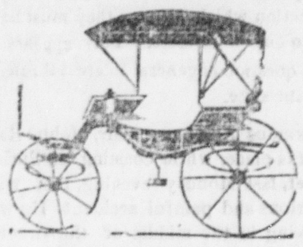

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There is on the lot also all necessary outbuildings, and a large lot of fine fruit trees. In fact, it is one of the cheapest and most desirable properties for sale in this county. Call soon for terms, &c., on Thomas Rhoads. Immediate possession given if desired.

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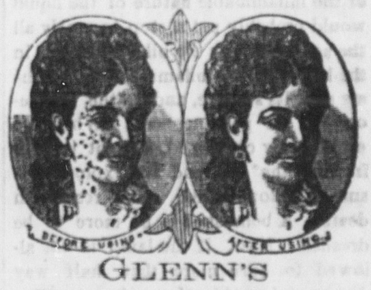

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Bellefonte Council, No. 270, O. U. A. M. meets every Tuesday evening, at 7 o'clock, in Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 190, K. of P., meets every Friday evening, at their hall, in Meek's Building, opposite the Bush House.

Centre Lodge, No. 153, I. O. O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at the Odd Fellow's hall. Degree meetings first Saturday of each month.

Minerva (Rebekah Degree) Lodge, No. 53, meets on the Saturday night next to and immediately before the full of the moon of each month, in Odd Fellow's hall.

Bellefonte Encampment, No. 72, I. O. O. F., meets at the Odd Fellow's hall on the second and fourth Mondays of every month.

Bellefonte Lodge, No. 268, A Y. M., meets on Tuesday evening, at 2 o'clock. on or before each full moon, in Masonic Lodge, Bush's Arcade.

Bellefonte Chapter, 241, R. A. M., meets on Thursday night preceding the second Friday of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Constans Commandery, No. 33, K. T., meets the second Friday evening of each month, in Masonic Lodge.

Bellefonte and County.

——Sleighing, notwithstanding the late thaw, still holds good, and moonlight excursions are all the rage.

——The coasting on our hilly streets, for the past two or three days, has been excellent, and affords the boys great sport.

——Horses should be "roughed" during these icy times. By slipping they are liable to be permanently injured. We notice quite a number of horses on our streets draw their burdens with great exertion for want of rough shoeing.

——The large body of snow lying on the fields is a great benefit to farmers. There is an old saying, "when wheat plants are covered with snow during the winter months the yield of a good crop of wheat is invariably the case." The plant will grow and become strong under the body of snow.

Sale Bills.—We hope if any of our patrons want sale bills they will give us a call, or address us by letter, sending the names of the articles they have for sale, the time of day, together with the day on which the sale is to be. We will send you the bills by return mail. Charges moderate.

——Postage stamps, we see it stated, are to undergo a change. Some improvement will be made over those now in use, and the color of the three cent stamp changed, owing to the fact that it is difficult to cancel. Their adhesiveness is also to be improved, so that when you moisten a stamp and place it on the envelope, there it will stick.

——Music is the great modifier of mankind, and should be cultivated and encouraged. A song will do more to soften and blend antagonizing elements in the family than counsel or reasoning. It is a refiner of coarse nature, and encourages the weak and timid. As the evening shadows gather, the voice of music, blending with the gradual hushing of nature, steals into the heart as a new revelation and fills the soul with inspiration and ambition. Encourage your sons and daughters to sing and play; provide the means for it; it will pay. Join with them, and as you make music you will make melody in your hearts, and add days and years to your lives.

——Scarcely a week passes but we read accounts of frightful accidents from kerosene lamps exploding and killing, or scarring for life, men, women and children. A simple knowledge of the inflammable nature of the liquid would probably put a stop to nearly all the accidents. As the oil burns down in the lamp, highly inflammable gas gathers over its surface, and as the oil decreases the gas increases. When the oil is nearly consumed, a slight jar will inflame the gas, and an explosion is sure to follow, which often results in death. A bombshell is no more to be dreaded. Now, if the lamp is not allowed to burn more than half way down, such accidents are almost impossible. Always fill your lamp every morning, and then you never need fear an explosion.

——As each returning winter comes to us clad in the garments of white, as often and as faithful are the visits of the little snow birds, those feathered companions of winter's chill and dreary days. The snow bird is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs around its history. On the first approach of winter it suddenly makes its appearance, apparently driven by the inclemency of weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes no man can tell, and whither it goes—for its exit is as sudden as its entrance—no one has been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be another bird, only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly changed. There is a feeling of melancholy passing over the mind when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all the other tenants of the air, is only enlivened by the presence of the mournful snow bird. Yet in the bitterest weather he is always gay and lively, and the gloominess of the scenery around him seems to have no sadening effect upon his cheerful heart.

The Question of High Rent.—There has been for a long time a complaint of high rents in Bellefonte, and not, we think, without reason. In view of the general depression of business rent should be reduced. We can see no reason why, when the laborer is unable to invest his capital (which is labor) to advantage, or at a high rate, that the capitalist should be able to extort high rent or exhorbitant rates of interest. Then again, the merchants and business men, in the present depressed state of affairs, are actually unable to pay these war rents. If they would keep the balance on the right side of the ledger they must economize, and, from the very nature of things, the economy must commence right here. There are some landlords whom we could name who are taking exorbitantly high rents, because they think they have their tenants in a tight place; but they will find this poor economy, for as soon as the leases are up they may find their tenants gone and their store rooms vacant. A great many of the houses in this town are let to poor laboring people. How is it possible for these men, with large families to support, and little or no work, to pay high rents. They too must economize, and their economy must commence right here. In some individual cases landlords have yielded to the logic of events and lowered their rates; others have not, but seem to hold on with a miser's greed. We notice in our exchanges that in some places they are forming associations to co-operate with each other in securing a reduction which they say they must have or go out of business. This appears to be a question of general interest throughout the state.

Serious Accident.—Mr. John Ray, of this place, while coasting on Spring street, last Monday evening, met with a serious and painful accident. He was walking in the middle of the street—an unwise thing to have done—and when near the Presbyterian wigwam, was struck by a down-coming jumper with tremendous force. He was knocked down instantly and carried several yards down the coast, where he lay in a helpless condition, being unable to regain his feet. A crowd soon collected, and he was lifted upon a sled and taken to his place of residence on Spring street. Dr. Kirk was immediately summoned, and it was ascertained, upon examination, that he had sustained a double fracture of the leg, both bones having been broken above the ankle. We since learn that he is comfortable, and is doing as well as could be expected. Coasting is an invigorating and healthy exercise, but care should be taken to avoid being run into, which often results in broken limbs.

Read the Advertisements.—Those of our readers residing in the country will find it to their advantage to consult our advertising columns before coming to town to do their trading and buying. When you want to purchase anything, first ascertain through the columns of the Republican where you can get the best for the least money. Those merchants who advertise are enterprising fellows, who do a large business and therefore can afford to sell cheaper than the old foggy who wants you to hunt him up. There are some merchants in this town who have not enterprise or wit enough to put up a sign. They are afraid to part with the money for fear they will not get it back again. Such men will charge you two hundred per cent. profit, and think they must do so to live; and it stands to reason that a man who keeps his name in obscurity, only getting what business happens to stumble upon him, must charge the few who do come a good round profit. We advise all to patronize the men only who advertise.

Stratford.—Mr. Charles Stratford will lecture Thursday evening, January 25th, 1877, at the Court House, Bellefonte, Pa., for the benefit of the Centennial Temperance Club. The Club is much in need of funds to keep the institution moving, and all who wish to be entertained by an elegant and instructive lecture, and who wish success to the institution, can now have an opportunity to aid it in that direction. Music will be furnished by the Club Orchestra. Admission 25 cents; five tickets for one dollar.

——Abram Baum, a horse "jockey," as well as a horse dealer, of this place, has been buying quite a number of horses from farmers in this county, for which he gives his notes. He purchased two from a Mr. Crawford, of Gregg township, who, after making the sale, became alarmed lest he might not be able to collect his money, and came to Bellefonte, where he employed attorneys and entered proceedings against Mr. Baum. We will publish the result of this proceeding, after it shall have been declared, for the benefit of farmers who are anxious to sell horses.

——An old man who resides with Barney Evans, near the Snow Shoe railroad round-house, was under the influence of liquor on Monday, when he walked on the railroad and was knocked off by a moving train. He was not much hurt

Asthma can be cured by using Shriner's Balsamic Cough Syrup.

——Green keeps the best drugs to be found in town.

——Montgomery's fine suits, to order, $22 00 and $23 00.

——Fred Kurtz, editor of the Centre Hall *Reporter*, called upon us yesterday.

——The hilly streets in town present an animated appearance these moonlight evenings, alive, as they are, with joyful coasters.

——The Centre Hall *Reporter* has been moved into a new office. We expect that it will now shine with a brighter light than ever.

——Charles Fryberger, Esq., formerly of this place, but now of Philipsburg, has been elected to the honorable position of an assistant superintendent of a Sunday school.

She.—Now, Charles, dear, do be sincere and tell the truth for once in your life; don't you love baby just a little? He.—Well, Mary, I can't say exactly that I love the little brat, but I've a sort of sneaking respect for him for his father's sake; and when he grows up I hope he will buy his groceries at the famous grocery of Sechler & Co. That is the place where he will be able to buy good goods cheap for cash.

—The Western Union Telegraph Office, which has for the past five years been located in the basemen of Haupt's building, has removed to the second story, in the room which we have occupied for the past eighteen months as a sanctum. We have moved into the next room, and our sanctum is right at the head of the stairs. Our friends will make no mistake if they read with care the signs upon the doors.

——The Centential Temperance Club are to have a lecture in the Court-house to-morrow night for the benefit of the Club. This is a worthy object and should receive the liberal patronage of the public. The lecturer is that life-long apostle of temperance, Charles Stratford, Esq., of Lewistown. The price of admission is fixed at twenty-five cents. Times are hard, but every one can afford that much for the benefit of this Club, which has done so much for the cause of temperance in our midst.

——A little girl, just able to talk, who had often been reproved for eating the inside of the pie and leaving the crust, was afflicted one day with a sore toe, and when she was caught slipping her pie crust under her plate and called to account for it, she demurely said: "But, papa, my toe's so sore to-day I can't eat crust. If you had bought the flour of Sechler & Co. it would have been good and tender, so that I could have eaten it. Always buy your groceries of Sechler, won't you, papa? He keeps none but the best."

——The editor of the *Watchman* says we have divided the lawyers into two classes, the Christian and the un-Christian, and then arranges the two classes side by side. We do not know how to answer such a statement upon the part of that paper in any better way then to tell the plain, unvarnished truth. Some one has said that truth when unadorned is adorned the best. If that be the case there need be no want of ornament here. The *Watchman lies*, and we do not think there is any one in Centre county that will disagree with us.

——The annual meeting of the Centre County Agricultural Society was held at the court house on Monday evening last, at which the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, John A. Hunter, Half Moon township, Half Moon P. O.; Vice Presidents, Leonard Rhone, Potter township, Centre Hall P. O., Benjamin F. Shaffer, Walker township, Nittany P. O., George H. Zeigler, Philipsburg P. O., and John B. Mitchell, Ferguson twp., Pine Grove Mills P. O.; Secretary and Treasurer, R. M. Magee, Bellefonte P. O.; Librarian, John T. Johnston, Bellefonte P. O.; Executive Committee, William Shortlidge, chairman, Bellefonte P. O., Wm. Rearick, Gregg twp., Spring Mills P. O., John Rishel, Benner township, Bellefonte P. O., Samuel Gilliland, College twp., Boalsburg P. O., Ambrose McMullen, Walker twp., Hublersburg P. O., and Samuel Brugger, Unionville, Fleming P. O.

——The editor of the *Watchman* has a bad ear for first-class music. He is spoiling for a fight, and his mind is so filled with the sounds of martial music—the horn, the crowing of his victorious rooster—that all other strains, however pleasant to the ear cultivated to appreciate them, are to him but as the idle murmer of the wind, or meaningless mutterings of the portentious storm. We pity him. A man with soul so dead that he cannot appreciate music in its sublimest conception, loses one-half the pleasure of living. Better to so love it as to be wafted to the land of pleasant dreams by its soothing melody than to be so lost to an appreciation of its beauties as to criticise it so horribly as he did in his comment upon the Methodist concert of last week. We had intended to write up a truthful account of the affair, but some good Methodist brother has done it before us, and his communication can be found in another column, and no doubt will be read with much interest.

——Montgomery's fine suits, to order, $22 00 and $23 00.

[Communicated.]

The Methodist Entertainment.—The entertainment on last Tuesday evening, especially in its musical features, elicited the disparaging fact that we are sadly deficient in a true and cultured appreciation of vocal excellence. In a general way the audience was highly pleased, in that every performance, in its rendering, showed the marks of great pains-taking and untiring application. This trait in a representation, no matter of what kind, wins its way to the heart of the audience, and prepares them for generous and whole-souled enjoyment. And this was, most assuredly, the joyous experience of every one on that memorable evening. There may have been a flattering in the prompt recognition by applause of the many artistic merits in the varied entertainment, but this is clearly referable to a refined diffidence, the modest accompaniment of defective art training. A good way, perhaps, to teach us how to forget ourselves in rare abandon to æsthetic recreations, would be the frequency of such beautiful and ennobling rehearsels; and so, in somewhat practical method, we would suggest that these educators in a higher sphere of rational enjoyment, would preserve their organization, and by occasional exhibition uplift our fathers, mothers and children to a purer and better social culture. We have not much in the way of criticism to offer, but without reserve speak in full commendation of the whole and every part of this exquisite entertainment.

It would be much out of place, however, not to tell of some things connected with this delightful episode in Bellefonte life, and which all will be interested to hear. When you paid your thirty-five cents for a ticket you secured your seat in the hall for a "Methodist entertainment," but when you got there and looked, you didn't see Methodists, but a sweet blending of all faiths; and you "went in on yourself" with this comforting sentiment: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." As a brother Methodist—and all that name implies—I herewith, on behalf of that society, make merited mention of the free, cheerful and efficient aid and sympathy rendered by all performers and patrons, irrespective of sect or wrinkle, or any such thing.

Mrs. Love labored with consecration for two months, which secured success in the attainment of her object—the payment in full for a church organ. Her labors were abundantly shared by Miss Emily Natt. The rare and artistic arrangement of the tableaux, a source of great pleasure to the old and young, was due to the kindness and skill freely offered by that lady. "The Pyramid of Children," numbering thirty in all, the older ones on the lower tier and graduated to the top as to age, was perhaps the most enjoyable feature in the whole entertainment. To Mrs. Perkins, of Milesburg, we are indebted for this beautiful conception. The children chanted the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," and every word was distinctly pronounced and heard, thus showing the care bestowed by Mrs. P. in their training. Mrs. McCormick, of Lock Haven, quite won all our hearts by her gentle and sweet manner. Her voice was in accord with her manner, and, though trained in the severest school, yet smacked not of the stage, but came to our ears and hearts in sweetest accents, and made us responsive to he own inspiration. True culture strips away the false, and only aids the development of natural grace, and in our sister this trait found full expression. Her vocal exercise was suggestive, and will be of profit to all of us.

The chorus singing was simply overwhelming—every performer was thorough by close practice, and their voices were as the voice of one.

It is unnecessary to speak of our home artists, Messrs. Hibler, Blanchard, Harris, Montgomery, Miss Onmaugh, Mrs. Blanchard and others. Their merits are known. Perhaps, after all, the most enjoyablething of the evening was the jolly, good-natured audience.

One of the Brethren.

Scarcity of Money.—There is no doubt but the present situation of all kinds of business and industry is fearfully depressed, and it behooves every family to look carefully to their expenses. Winter is coming on when children are liable to croup, whooping cough, etc. Coughs and colds will prevail everywhere, and consumption with other throat and lung diseases will carry off many. These diseases should not be neglected. Doctor bills are expensive, and we would advise our people to use Boschee's German Syrup. It never has failed. One bottle at 75 cents will keep your whole family well during the winter. Two doses will relieve any case. Sold in all towns in the United States, and by your druggists, J. Zellers & Son, and F. Potts Green. 3stt

——Last week, in setting the advertisement for Mr. James Welch's book store, our compositor made a serious mistake in the price of mottoes, making it read 50 cents each, when it should have beep 5 cents, the price at which Mr. Welch wants it distinctly understood he is selling them.

——Montgomery's fine suits, to order, $20 00 and $21 00.

——Court is now in session. We will publish the proceedings next week.

Help Wanted.—A good farm hand, who is not afraid to work, can find employment by applying to Frank Weaver, three miles east of Bellefonte.

——The king of clothiers is J. Newman, Jr., on Alleghany street. He takes the lead in all that class of goods which gentlemen want. For the coming spring trade he contemplates laying in the largest and best selected stock that was ever brought to this town. He is now selling off his winter stock at cost. Now is the time to get an overcoat at a low price. Enough can in this way be saved to make it pay to keep the garment over the summer.

The Methodist Concert.—For more than a month the Methodists of this place have had in preparation an entertainment to consist of music and tableaux. Mrs. Love and other ladies of the church have worked incessantly to make the entertainment a credit, not only to the society, but also to all who should take a part. The grand consummation of all this labor was reached a week ago last Tuesday night, when Reynolds' Hall was filled to its utmost capacity by a highly appreciative audience. We never attended an entertainment of any kind where the audience seemed better satisfied that they were receiving the worth of their money. Although the object was a charitable one, yet there was no effort to obtain the people's money without giving them back full value. All the best musical talent of the town, from all churches and from no church, were engaged, and cheerfully lent their aid to make the affair a grand success, and we must in justice say that it was the most complete success of anything of the kind that we ever saw. We have not the space to mention all who took part in the performance. To the people of the town they are well known, for the affair has been pretty thoroughly discussed, pro and con, for the last week, the unfavorable comments of the "Watchman" having provoked much discussion that otherwise would not have been had. The thanks of the people are due to Mrs. M'Cormick, of Lock Haven, for her valuable assistance. She has a fine voice and is an excellent singer, and her singing was loudly applauded. She was a valuable acquisition to the home talent. The entertainment was not only a success as an entertainment, but it was a great financial success. The ball, as we have said, was filled to its utmost capacity; there were few or no dead heads, and the price of admission was thirty-five cents. The Methodist society has, in the past year, incurred great expense. They have just completed a new church, and have also had the expense of furnishing it with new and elegant furniture. This, as might be expected, has made them short of money. They have an organ which was unpaid for. The proceeds of this entertainment has wiped out the debt for the organ. The society and the public are indebted to Mrs. John G. Love for the success of this entertainment. She gave almost all her time to it for a month, and spared no pains to make it a success in every minutest detail, and she has received the well earned plaudits of the society and the entire community if, perhaps, we except the editors of the "Watchman."

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Houserville, Jan. 16, '77.

Editor Republican:—In compliance with your request as to the statistics of each township, I will give you a few items and ideas. In the first place, our township (College) had five paupers, all females; the oldest one died some time ago, and the youngest one grew smaller and ceased to be a burden. But we still have three very expensive ones—two of them are maniacs and the other a paralyzed imbecil, which is the most expensive one we have. The cost, on an average, is $2.00 each per week. Together with a debt we inherited from old Harris township, this made it necessary to lay two mills on the valuation, but from the outlook at present this department can be run the present year for about one and one-fourth mills.

My ideas in regard to a poor-house are these: In the first place, nine-tenths of the dependents are feeble-minded or worse, and in providing a home for them it should be commenced from this standpoint. The idea of an industrial farm for paupers is simply rediculous. Pauperism and industry seldom go hand in hand. Those that are able to work some should have a partial support outside of a poor-house, and the people of this county should be satisfied that public farming is not profitable, without trying to experiment with feeble men and women. Land enough to keep a dozen cows, and to raise fruit and vegetables sufficient, is all that would be necessary. The great boon to this class of people would be a warm, well ventilated house, and suitable diet. It should be an asylum, and not a workhouse.

Robert Kendall, Over'r.

Joints and muscles, stiff and painful with rheumatism and gout, are promptly relieved by Glenn's Surphur Soap. Local diseases of the skin and defects of the complexion are always remedied by this standard article. Depot Crittenton's No. 7 Sixth Avenue, New York. Hill's Hair & Whisker Dye, black or brown, 50 cents. 1-4w

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The "New York Family Story Paper" is a lively, interesting and instructive weekly journal, published by Norman L. Munro & Co., 74 Beekman street, for $3 a year. They are now offering as a premium to every reader of their paper, Shakespeare, in weekly parts. This is a good chance to obtain a valuable work free, for the paper is really worth all the subscription price, and this valuable work is really a free gift. It is really the best offer we have known to have been made this year. We advise our readers to give this paper a trial, for they are sure to get twice the worth of their money. Address as above, and send along the money, and you will never regret it.

Eclectic Magazine.—The February number of the *Eclectic* is embellished with a very fine and striking portrait of George MacDonald, the poet and novelist, who made such a favorite impression on his recent lecturing tour, in this country. In the letter-press the editor supplements the portrait with a brief sketch of his life.

The literary contents of the number are of the usual striking value and variety of attractiveness, and present something of interest to all. The leading article is a reprint of a highly instructive address on "Popular Culture," by John Morely, which accomplishes the difficult feat of saying something new on the subject of education. The other contents are as follows: "Towards the North Pole," "The Secret Chamber: A Ghost Story," "Automatism and Evolution," by Charles Elam, M.D.; "A Rhymer's Wish," "Notes on the Turk," by Edward DeLeon; "Charlotte Bronte: A Monograph;" "The Rings of Saturn," by Richard A. proctor, B.A., F.R.S.; "Henry the Fourth and La Belle Gabrielle;" "A Year Ago;" "The Fabulous Zoology;" "Toilers of the River;" "Letty's Globe: A Sonnet," by Charles Tennyson Turner: and the usual copious editorial miscellany of literature, science and art.

Published by E. R. Pelton. 25 Bond street, New York. Terms, $5 per year; single number 45 cents. The *Eclectic* and any $4 magazine to one address for $8.

List of Patents issued to Inventors of Pennsylvania, excepting Phila., for the week ending Jan. 28, 1877, and each dated Jan. 9, 1877. Furnished this paper by Cox & Cox, Solicitors of Patents, Washington, D. C.

E Sprague Brick Mould Bottom Board, Pittsburgh
E Sprague, Brick Machine Cutter, Pittsburgh
J Atkinson, Slitting Metallic Plates, Pittsburgh
S Huber, Plow, Danville
C Allen, Treating Fish, Newburg
G Bollman, Hot Air Reservoir, Pittsburgh
L Hall, Slide Valve, Erie
J Kidder, Shaving Shingles, Albion
A Nellis, Fence, Pittsburgh
H Rankin, Meat Chopper, Allegheny
P Roesek, Compensating Journal, Allegheny
Eugene Snyder, Device for Decanting Liquors. Harrisburg

Bellefonte Markets.

Bellefonte, Jan. 24, 1877.

The season for selling goods has about reached its minimum, which gives our merchants an opportunity for making settlements, which are very desirable in these times.

Grain—The wheat market continues buoyant and buyers are as active as ever. The wheat trade of our town this winter has attracted the attention of those who never took any interest in agricultural productions heretofore, and "What's the price of wheat to-day" is a common street inquiry. The wheat crop is more irregular, or there seems to be more difference in weights and measure, than during the past two years. The dealers inform us that the farmer who knows the weight of his grain is generally more satisfactory to deal with than those who do not. Those who guess at the weight as a rule guess too much. Those who weigh find they get their weight without any doubt.

Rye—Rye is taken as fast as offered.

Corn—The demand for corn is still limited, and the price is too low to remunerate the farmer; but there is no outlet at figures above our quotations.

Oats—Oats are in good sale at the market price, and dealers take all that are offered, for which they pay cash

Barley—Barley is sold at the same price as rye.

Beef—Is scarce and sells at 6 cents by the side.

Pork—Is worth 6¾ cents by the hog. Farmers who sold early sold too soon this season.

QUOTATIONS.

White Wheat per bushel	$1 35
Red wheat	1 35
Rye per bushel	55
Corn, cob new	40
Corn, shelled old	45
Oats	30
Clover seed	8 00
Flour, retail per barrel	7 00
Flour, wholesale	6.75

HAY AND STRAW.

Hay choice timothy per ton	$15 00
Hay Mixed per ton	12.00
Long rye straw, bundled per ton	10 00
Short straw per ton	6.00@8 00

PLASTER.

Cayuga, ground, per ton	9 50
Nova Scotia, ground, per ton	11 50

Provision Market.

Corrected Weekly by S. A. Brew & Son.

Apples, dried, per pound	5
Apples, per bush	25
Butter	25
Cherries, dried, per pound	6
Beans, per quart	10
Fresh Butter, per pound	25
Chickens, per piece	20
Turkeys, per pound	7
Cheese, per pound	20
Hams, per pound	18
Bacon	12 & 14
Lard, per pound	10
Eggs, per doz	25
Tallow, per pound	7
Potatoes, per bush	$1 & 1 25
Dried Beef	22
Wilson's Pressed Beef, per lb	25
Cod Fish, boneless	12
Canned Tomatoes, per can	20
Oranges, per doz	50
Lemons, per doz	50

Philadelphia Stock Market.

Quotations of White, Powell & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 42 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20, 1877.

	BID.	ASKED.
U. S. 1881, c	114¾	114¾
" 5 20 " '65, M. and N	109¾	109¾
" " " '65, J. and J	110¾	111
" " " '67, " "	113¾	114
" " " '68, " "	117	117¾
" 10-40 coupon	113¾	113¾
" Pacific 6's, cy	123½	123¾
New 5 s, Reg. 1881	111	111¾
" " c 1881	112¾	112¾
Gold	106¾	106¾
Silver	109	109
Pennsylvania	48¾	48¾
Reading	17¾	17¾
Philadelphia and Erie	13¾	14
Lehigh Navigation	29¾	30
" Valley	49¾	49¾
United R. R. of J	140	141
Oil Creek	8¾	8¾
Northern Central	26	26¾
Central Transportation	38	38¾
Nesquehoning	52	52¾
North Pennsylvania	29	30
C. & A. Mortgages 6's '89	110	110¾

DIED.

HASSON.—At Port Matilda, January 4, 1877, Geo. W. Hasson, aged 32 years and eight months, of consumption.

WALKER.—At his residence in Boggs Township, January 15, 1877, Adam Walker, Sr., aged 75 years.

ARMOR.—At her residence, in Bellefonte, on Wednesday the 17th instant, Mrs. Magdalena Bahm Armor, consort of the late Captain Joan Armor, aged 77 years.

HASSON.—At his residence, in Porte Matilda, of consumption, on the 4th of January, 1877, George W. Hasson, aged 32 years and eight months